NOT TO BE ISSUED
OF THE LIBRARY.

821.7
Sou/Poe
52605

BOMBAY BRANCH

OF THE

Royal Asiatic Society.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 23 January, 2019

THE

POETICAL WORKS

ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq.

POET LAUREATE,

AND MEMBER OF THE ROYAL SPANISH ACADEMY.

RODERICK,

THE LAST OF THE GOTHS.

VOL. 1.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

00052605

TO

GROSVENOR CHARLES BEDFORD,

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED,

IN LASTING MEMORIAL OF A LONG AND UNINTERRUPTED FRIENDSHIP,

BY HIS OLD SCHOOL-FELLOW,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

PREFACE.

THE history of the Wisi-Goths for some years before their overthrow is very imperfectly known. It is, however, apparent, that the enmity between the royal families of Chindasuintho and Wamba was one main cause of the destruction of the kingdom, the latter party having assisted in betraying their country to the Moors for the gratification of their own revenge. Theodofred and Favila were younger sons of King Chindasuintho; King Witiza, who was of Wamba's family, put out the eyes of Theodofred, and murdered Favila, at the instigation of that Chief-

tain's wife, with whom he lived in adultery. Pelayo, the son of Favila, and afterwards the founder of the Spanish monarchy, was driven into exile. Roderick, the son of Theodofred, recovered the throne, and put out Witiza's eyes in vengeance for his father; but he spared Orpas, the brother of the tyrant, as being a Priest, and Ebba and Sisibert, the two sons of Witiza, by Pelayo's mother. It may be convenient thus briefly to premise these circumstances of an obscure portion of history, with which few readers can be supposed to be familiar; and a list of the principal persons who are introduced, or spoken of, may as properly be prefixed to a Poem as to a Play.

WITIZA, ...King of the Wisi-Goths; dethroned and blinded by Roderick.

THEODOFRED,.....son of King Chindasuintho, blinded by King Witiza.

FAVILA, ...his brother; put to death by Witiza.

The Wife of Favila, Witiza's adulterous mistress.

(*These four persons are dead before the action of the poem commences.*)

* * * *

RODERICK,.....the last King of the Wisi-Goths: son of Theodofred.

PELAYO, ...the founder of the Spanish Monarchy: son of Favila.

GAUDIOSA,.....his wife.

GUISLA,.....his sister.

FAVILA,.....his son.

HERMESIND,.....his daughter.

RUSILLA.....widow of Theodofred, and mother of Roderick.

COUNT PEDRO, .. } powerful Lords of Cantabria.
COUNT EUDON,... }

ALPHONSO,.....Count Pedro's son, afterwards King.

URBAN,.....Archbishop of Toledo.

ROMANO,.....a Monk of the Caulian Schools, near Merida.

ABDALAZIZ,.....the Moorish Governor of Spain.

EGILONA,.....formerly the wife of Roderick, now of Abdalaziz.

ABULCACEM,...
ALCAHMAN,...
AYUB,.....
IBRAHIM,.....
MAGUED,..... } Moorish Chiefs.

ORPAS,.....brother to Witiza, and formerly Archbishop of Seville, now a renegade.

SISIBERT,..... } sons of Witiza and of Pelayo's mother.
EBBA,..... }

NUMACIAN.....a renegade, governor of Gegio.

COUNT JULIAN,...a powerful Lord among the Wisi-Goths, now a renegade.

FLORINDA,.....his daughter, violated by King Roderick.

* * * * *

ADOSINDA,.....daughter of the Governor of Auria.

ODOAR,.....Abbot of St. Felix.

SIVERIAN,.....Roderick's foster-father.
FAVINIA,.....Count Pedro's wife.

The four latter persons are imaginary. All the others are mentioned in history. I ought, however, to observe, that Romano is a creature of monkish legends; that the name of Pelayo's sister has not been preserved; and that that of Roderick's mother, Ruscilo, has been altered to Rusilla, for the sake of euphony.

CONTENTS

OF

VOLUME FIRST.

		PAGE
1.	Roderick and Romano	1
2.	Roderick in Solitude	15
3.	Adosinda	27
4.	The Monastery of St. Felix	47
5.	Roderick and Siverian	62
6.	Roderick in Times past	79
7.	Roderick and Pelayo	90
8.	Alphonso	99
9.	Florinda	109
10.	Roderick and Florinda	116
11.	Count Pedro's Castle	135
12.	The Vow	144
13.	Count Eudon	155
	NOTES	169

As the ample Moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer even
Rising behind a thick and lofty Grove,
Burns like an unconsuming fire of light
In the green trees; and kindling on all sides
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
Capacious and serene: Like power abides
In Man's celestial Spirit; Virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus feeds
A calm, a beautiful and silent fire,
From the incumbrances of mortal life,
From error, disappointment,.. nay from guilt;
And sometimes, so relenting Justice wills,
From palpable oppressions of Despair.

WORDSWORTH.

RODERICK,

THE LAST OF THE GOTHS.

I.

Long had the crimes of Spain cried out to Heaven;
At length the measure of offence was full.
Count Julian called the invaders: not because
Inhuman priests with unoffending blood
Had stained their country; not because a yoke
Of iron servitude oppressed and galled
The children of the soil; a private wrong
Roused the remorseless Baron. Mad to wreak
His vengeance for his violated child
On Roderick's head, in evil hour for Spain,
For that unhappy daughter and himself,
Desperate apostate... on the Moors he called

And like a cloud of locusts, whom the South
Wafts from the plains of wasted Africa,
The Musselmen upon Iberia's shore
Descend. A countless multitude they came;
Syrian, Moor, Saracen, Greek renegade,
Persian and Copt and Tatar, in one bond
Of erring faith conjoin'd, . . strong in the youth
And heat of zeal, . . a dreadful brotherhood,
In whom all turbulent vices were let loose;
While Conscience, with their impious creed accurst,
Drunk, as with wine, had sanctified to them
All bloody, all abominable things.

Thou, Calpë, sawest their coming: ancient Rock
Renowned, no longer now shalt thou be called
From Gods and Heroes of the years of yore,
Kronos, or hundred-handed Briareus,
Bacchus or Hercules; but doomed to bear
The name of thy new conqueror, and thenceforth
To stand his everlasting monument.
Thou sawest the dark-blue waters flash before
Their ominous way, and whiten round their keels;
Their swarthy myriads darkening o'er thy sands.

There on the beach the misbelievers spread
Their banners, flaunting to the Sun and breeze:
Fair shone the sun upon their proud array,
White turbans, glittering armour, shields engrailed
With gold and scymitars of Syrian steel;
And gently did the breezes, as in sport,
Curl their long flags outrolling, and display
The blazoned scrolls of blasphemy. Too soon
The gales of Spain from that unhappy land
Wafted, as from an open charnel-house,
The taint of death; and that bright sun, from fields
Of slaughter, with the morning dew drew up
Corruption through the infected atmosphere.

Then fell the kingdom of the Goths; their hour
Was come, and Vengeance, long withheld, went loose.
Famine and Pestilence had wasted them,
And Treason, like an old and eating sore,
Consumed the bones and sinews of their strength;
And, worst of enemies, their sins were armed
Against them. Yet the sceptre from their hands
Past not away inglorious; nor was shame
Left for their children's lasting heritage.

Eight summer days, from morn till latest eve,
The fatal fight endured, till perfidy
Prevailing to their overthrow, they sunk
Defeated, not dishonoured. On the banks
Of Chrysus, Roderick's royal car was found;
His battle-horse Orelio, and that helm
Whose horns, amid the thickest of the fray
Eminent had marked his presence. Did the stream
Receive him with the undistinguished dead,
Christian and Moor, who clogged its course that day?
So thought the Conqueror, and from that day forth,
Memorial of his perfect victory,
He bade the river bear the name of joy.
So thought the Goths; they said no prayer for him,
For him no service sung, nor mourning made,
But charged their crimes upon his head, and curst
His memory.

Bravely in that eight-days fight
The King had striven, .. for victory first, while hope
Remained, then desperately in search of death.
The arrows past him by to right and left,
The spear-point pierced him not, the scymitar
Glanced from his helmet. Is the shield of Heaven,

Wretch that I am, extended over me?
Cried Roderick; and he dropt Orelio's reins,
And threw his hands aloft in frantic pray'r, . .
Death is the only mercy that I crave,
Death soon and short, death and forgetfulness!
Aloud he cried; but in his inmost heart
There answered him a secret voice, that spake
Of righteousness and judgment after death,
And God's redeeming love, which fain would save
The guilty soul alive. 'Twas agony,
And yet 'twas hope; . . a momentary light,
That flashed through utter darkness on the Cross
To point salvation, then left all within
Dark as before. Fear, never felt till then,
Sudden and irresistible as stroke
Of lightning, smote him. From his horse he dropt,
Whether with human impulse, or by Heaven
Struck down, he knew not; loosened from his wrist
The sword-chain, and let fall the sword, whose hilt
Clung to his palm a moment ere it fell,
Glued there with Moorish gore. His royal robe,
His horned helmet and enamelled mail,
He cast aside, and taking from the dead

A peasant's garment, in those weeds involved,
Stole like a thief in darkness, from the field.

Evening closed round to favour him. All night
He fled, the sound of battle in his ear
Ringing, and sights of death before his eyes,
With dreams more horrible of eager fiends
That seemed to hover round, and gulphs of fire
Opening beneath his feet. At times the groan
Of some poor fugitive, who, bearing with him
His mortal hurt, had fallen beside the way,
Roused him from these dread visions, and he called
In answering groans on his Redeemer's name,
That word the only prayer that past his lips
Or rose within his heart. Then would he see
The Cross whereon a bleeding Saviour hung,
Who called on him to come and cleanse his soul
In those all-healing streams, which from his wounds,
As from perpetual springs, for ever flowed.
No hart e'er panted for the water-brooks
As Roderick thirsted there to drink and live:
But Hell was interposed; and worse than Hell
Yea to his eyes more dreadful than the fiends

Who flocked like hungry ravens round his head, . .
Florinda stood between, and warned him off
With her abhorrent hands, . . that agony
Still in her face, which, when the deed was done,
Inflicted on her ravisher the curse
That it invoked from Heaven . . . . Oh what a night
Of waking horrors! Nor when morning came
Did the realities of light and day
Bring aught of comfort: wheresoe'er he went
The tidings of defeat had gone before;
And leaving their defenceless homes to seek
What shelter walls and battlements might yield,
Old men with feeble feet, and tottering babes,
And widows with their infants in their arms,
Hurried along. Nor royal festival,
Nor sacred pageant, with like multitudes
E'er filled the public way. All whom the sword
Had spared were here; bed-rid infirmity
Alone was left behind: the cripple plied
His crutches, with her child of yesterday
The mother fled, and she whose hour was come
Fell by the road.
Less dreadful than this view
Of outward suffering which the day disclosed,

Had night and darkness seemed to Roderick's heart,
With all their dread creations. From the throng
He turned aside, unable to endure
This burthen of the general woe: nor walls,
Nor towers, nor mountain fastnesses he sought;
A firmer hold his spirit yearned to find,
A rock of surer strength. Unknowing where,
Straight through the wild he hastened on all day,
And with unslackened speed was travelling still
When evening gathered round. Seven days from morn
Till night he travelled thus; the forest oaks,
The fig-grove by the fearful husbandman
Forsaken to the spoiler, and the vines,
Where fox and household dog together now
Fed on the vintage, gave him food: the hand
Of heaven was on him, and the agony
Which wrought within, supplied a strength, beyond
All natural force of man.

When the eighth eve
Was come, he found himself on Ana's banks,
Fast by the Caulian Schools. It was the hour
Of vespers, but no vesper bell was heard,
Nor other sound, than of the passing stream,

Or stork, who, flapping with wide wing the air,
Sought her broad nest upon the silent tower.
Brethren and pupils thence alike had fled
To save themselves within the embattled walls
Of neighbouring Merida. One aged Monk
Alone was left behind; he would not leave
The sacred spot beloved, for having served
There from his childhood up to ripe old age
God's holy altar, it became him now,
He thought, before that altar to await
The merciless misbelievers, and lay down
His life, a willing martyr. So he staid
When all were gone, and duly fed the lamps,
And kept devotedly the altar drest,
And duly offered up the sacrifice.
Four days and nights he thus had past alone,
In such high mood of saintly fortitude,
That hope of Heaven became a heavenly joy;
And now at evening to the gate he went
If he might spy the Moors, . . for it seemed long
To tarry for his crown.
Before the Cross
Roderick had thrown himself: his body raised,

Half kneeling, half at length he lay; his arms
Embraced its foot, and from his lifted face
Tears streaming down bedewed the senseless stone.
He had not wept till now, and at the gush
Of these first tears, it seemed as if his heart,
From a long winter's icy thrall let loose,
Had opened to the genial influences
Of Heaven. In attitude, but not in act
Of prayer he lay; an agony of tears
Was all his soul could offer. When the Monk
Beheld him suffering thus, he raised him up,
And took him by the arm, and led him in;
And there before the altar, in the name
Of Him whose bleeding image there was hung,
Spake comfort, and adjured him in that name
There to lay down the burthen of his sins.
Lo! said Romano, I am waiting here
The coming of the Moors, that from their hands
My spirit may receive the purple robe
Of martyrdom, and rise to claim its crown.
That God who willeth not the sinner's death
Hath led thee hither. Threescore years and five,
Even from the hour when I, a five-years child,

Entered the schools, have I continued here
And served the altar: not in all those years
Hath such a contrite and a broken heart
Appeared before me. O my brother, Heaven
Hath sent thee for thy comfort, and for mine,
That my last earthly act may reconcile
A sinner to his God.

Then Roderick knelt
Before the holy man, and strove to speak.
Thou seest, he cried, .. thou seest, .. but memory
And suffocating thoughts repress the word,
And shudderings, like an ague fit, from head
To foot convulsed him; till at length, subduing
His nature to the effort, he exclaimed,
Spreading his hands and lifting up his face,
As if resolved in penitence to bear
A human eye upon his shame, .. Thou seest
Roderick the Goth! That name would have sufficed
To tell the whole abhorred history:
He not the less pursued, .. the ravisher,
The cause of all this ruin! Having said,
In the same posture motionless he knelt,
Arms straightened down, and hands outspread, and eyes

Raised to the Monk, like one who from his voice
Expected life or death.
All night the old man
Prayed with his penitent, and ministered
Unto the wounded soul, till he infused
A healing hope of mercy, that allayed
Its heat of anguish. But Romano saw
What strong temptations of despair beset,
And how he needed in this second birth,
Even like a yearling child, a fosterer's care.
Father in Heaven, he cried, thy will be done!
Surely I hoped that I this day should sing
Hosannahs at thy throne; but thou hast yet
Work for thy servant here. He girt his loins,
And from her altar took with reverent hands
Our lady's image down: In this, quoth he,
We have our guide and guard and comforter,
The best provision for our perilous way.
Fear not but we shall find a resting place,
The Almighty's hand is on us.
They went forth,
They crost the stream, and when Romano turned
For his last look toward the Caulian towers,

Far off the Moorish standards in the light
Of morn were glittering, where the miscreant host
Towards the Lusitanian capital
To lay their siege advanced: the eastern breeze
Bore to the fearful travellers far away
The sound of horn and tambour o'er the plain.
All day they hastened, and when evening fell
Sped toward the setting sun, as if its line
Of glory came from Heaven to point their course.
But feeble were the feet of that old man
For such a weary length of way; and now
Being past the danger (for in Merida
Sacaru long in resolute defence
Withstood the tide of war,) with easier pace
The wanderers journeyed on; till having crost
Old Tagus, and the rapid Zezere,
They from Albardos' hoary height beheld
Pine-forest, fruitful vale, and that fair lake
Where Alcoa, mingled there with Baza's stream,
Rests on its passage to the western sea,
That sea the aim and boundary of their toil.

The fourth week of their painful pilgrimage
Was full, when they arrived where from the land

A rocky hill, rising with steep ascent,
O'erhung the glittering beach; there on the top
A little lowly hermitage they found,
And a rude Cross, and at its foot a grave,
Bearing no name, nor other monument.
Where better could they rest than here, where faith
And secret penitence and happiest death
Had blest the spot, and brought good angels down,
And opened as it were a way to Heaven?
Behind them was the desert, offering fruit
And water for their need: on either side
The white sand sparkling to the sun; in front,
Great Ocean with its everlasting voice,
As in perpetual jubilee, proclaimed
The wonders of the Almighty, filling thus
The pauses of their fervent orisons.
Where better could the wanderers rest than here?

II.

Twelve months they sojourned in their solitude,
And then beneath the burthen of old age
Romano sunk. No brethren were there here
To spread the sackcloth, and with ashes strew
That penitential bed, and gather round
To sing his requiem, and with prayer and psalm
Assist him in his hour of agony.
He lay on the bare earth, which long had been
His only couch; beside him Roderick knelt,
Moistened from time to time his blackened lips,
Received a blessing with his latest breath,
Then closed his eyes, and by the nameless grave
Of the fore-tenant of that holy place
Consigned him earth to earth.
Two graves are here,
And Roderick transverse at their feet began

To break the third. In all his intervals
Of prayer, save only when he searched the woods
And filled the water-cruise, he laboured there;
And when the work was done, and he had laid
Himself at length within its narrow sides
And measured it, he shook his head to think
There was no other business now for him.
Poor wretch, thy bed is ready, he exclaimed,
And would that night were come! ... It was a task,
All gloomy as it was, which had beguiled
The sense of solitude; but now he felt
The burthen of the solitary hours:
The silence of that lonely hermitage
Lay on him like a spell; and at the voice
Of his own prayers, he started half aghast.
Then too, as on Romano's grave he sate
And pored upon his own, a natural thought
Arose within him, .. well might he have spared
That useless toil: the sepulchre would be
No hiding place for him; no Christian hands
Were here who should compose his decent corpse
And cover it with earth. There he might drag
His wretched body at its passing hour,

And there the Sea-Birds of her heritage
Would rob the worm, or peradventure seize,
Ere death had done its work, their helpless prey.
Even now they did not fear him: when he walked
Beside them on the beach, regardlessly
They saw his coming; and their whirring wings
Upon the height had sometimes fanned his cheek,
As if, being thus alone, humanity
Had lost its rank, and the prerogative
Of man was done away.

For his lost crown
And sceptre never had he felt a thought
Of pain: repentance had no pangs to spare
For trifles such as these, .. the loss of these
Was a cheap penalty: .. that he had fallen
Down to the lowest depth of wretchedness,
His hope and consolation. But to lose
His human station in the scale of things, ..
To see brute Nature scorn him, and renounce
Its homage to the human form divine; ..
Had then almighty vengeance thus revealed
His punishment, and was he fallen indeed
Below fallen man, below redemption's reach, ..

Made lower than the beasts, and like the beasts
To perish!.. Such temptations troubled him
By day, and in the visions of the night;
And even in sleep he struggled with the thought,
And waking with the effort of his prayers
The dream assailed him still.
A wilder form
Sometimes his poignant penitence assumed,
Starting with force revived from intervals
Of calmer passion, or exhausted rest;
When floating back upon the tide of thought
Remembrance to a self-excusing strain
Beguiled him, and recalled in long array
The sorrows and the secret impulses
Which to the abyss of wretchedness and guilt
Led their unwary victim. The evil hour
Returned upon him, when reluctantly
Yielding to worldly counsel his assent,
In wedlock to an ill-assorted mate
He gave his cold unwilling hand: then came
The disappointment of the barren bed,
The hope deceived, the soul dissatisfied,
Home without love, and privacy from which

Delight was banished first, and peace too soon
Departed. Was it strange that when he met
A heart attuned, . . a spirit like his own,
Of lofty pitch, yet in affection mild,
And tender as a youthful mother's joy, . . .
Oh was it strange if at such sympathy
The feelings which within his breast repelled
And chilled had shrunk, should open forth like flowers
After cold winds of night, when gentle gales
Restore the genial sun! If all were known,
Would it indeed be not to be forgiven? . .
(Thus would he lay the unction to his soul,)
If all were truly known, as Heaven knows all,
Heaven that is merciful as well as just, . .
A passion slow and mutual in its growth,
Pure as fraternal love, long self-concealed,
And when confessed in silence, long controlled:
Treacherous occasion, human frailty; fear
Of endless separation, worse than death, . .
The purpose and the hope with which the Fiend
Tempted, deceived, and maddened him; . . . but then
As at a new temptation would he start,
Shuddering beneath the intolerable shame

And clench in agony his matted hair;
While in his soul the perilous thought arose,
How easy 'twere to plunge where yonder waves
Invited him to rest.
Oh for a voice
Of comfort, . . for a ray of hope from Heaven!
A hand that from these billows of despair
May reach and snatch him ere he sink engulphed!
At length, as life when it hath lain long time
Opprest beneath some grievous malady,
Seems to rouse up with re-collected strength,
And the sick man doth feel within himself
A second spring; so Roderick's better mind
Arose to save him. Lo! the western sun
Flames o'er the broad Atlantick; on the verge
Of glowing ocean rests; retiring then
Draws with it all its rays, and sudden night
Fills the whole cope of Heaven. The penitent
Knelt by Romano's grave, and, falling prone,
Clasped with extended arms the funeral mould.
Father! he cried; Companion! only friend,
When all beside was lost! thou too art gone,
And the poor sinner whom from utter death

Thy providential hand preserved, once more
Totters upon the gulph. I am too weak
For solitude, . . too vile a wretch to bear
This everlasting commune with myself.
The Tempter hath assailed me; my own heart
Is leagued with him; Despair hath laid the nets
To take my soul, and Memory, like a ghost,
Haunts me, and drives me to the toils. O Saint,
While I was blest with thee, the hermitage
Was my sure haven! Look upon me still,
For from thy heavenly mansion thou canst see
The suppliant; look upon thy child in Christ.
Is there no other way for penitence?
I ask not martyrdom; for what am I
That I should pray for triumphs, the fit meed
Of a long life of holy works like thine;
Or how should I presumptuously aspire
To wear the heavenly crown resigned by thee,
For my poor sinful sake? Oh point me thou
Some humblest, painfullest, severest path, . .
Some new austerity, unheard of yet
In Syrian fields of glory, or the sands
Of holiest Egypt. Let me bind my brow

With thorns, and barefoot seek Jerusalem,
Tracking the way with blood; there day by day
Inflict upon this guilty flesh the scourge,
Drink vinegar and gall, and for my bed
Hang with extended limbs upon the Cross,
A nightly crucifixion! . . any thing
Of action, difficulty, bodily pain,
Labour, and outward suffering, . . any thing
But stillness and this dreadful solitude!
Romano! Father! let me hear thy voice
In dreams, O sainted Soul! or from the grave
Speak to thy penitent; even from the grave
Thine were a voice of comfort.

Thus he cried,
Easing the pressure of his burthened heart
With passionate prayer; thus poured his spirit forth,
Till the long effort had exhausted him,
His spirit failed, and laying on the grave
His weary head, as on a pillow, sleep
Fell on him. He had prayed to hear a voice
Of consolation, and in dreams a voice
Of consolation came. Roderick, it said, . .
Roderick, my poor, unhappy, sinful child,

Jesus have mercy on thee! ... Not if Heaven
Had opened, and Romano, visible
In his beatitude, had breathed that prayer; ..
Not if the grave had spoken, had it pierced
So deeply in his soul, nor wrung his heart
With such compunctious visitings, nor given
So quick, so keen a pang. It was that voice
Which sung his fretful infancy to sleep
So patiently; which soothed his childish griefs;
Counselled, with anguish and prophetic tears,
His headstrong youth. And lo! his Mother stood
Before him in the vision: in those weeds
Which never from the hour when to the grave
She followed her dear lord Theodofred
Rusilla laid aside; but in her face
A sorrow that bespake a heavier load
At heart, and more unmitigated woe, ..
Yea a more mortal wretchedness than when
Witiza's ruffians and the red-hot brass
Had done their work, and in her arms she held
Her eyeless husband; wiped away the sweat
Which still his tortures forced from every pore;
Cooled his scorched lids with medicinal herbs,

And prayed the while for patience for herself
And him, and prayed for vengeance too, and found
Best comfort in her curses. In his dream,
Groaning he knelt before her to beseech
Her blessing, and she raised her hands to lay
A benediction on him. But those hands
Were chained, and casting a wild look around,
With thrilling voice she cried, Will no one break
These shameful fetters? Pedro, Theudemir,
Athanagild, where are ye? Roderick's arm
Is wither'd, . . Chiefs of Spain, but where are ye?
And thou, Pelayo, thou our surest hope,
Dost thou too sleep? . . Awake, Pelayo! . . up! . .
Why tarriest thou, Deliverer? . . But with that
She broke her bonds, and lo! her form was changed!
Radiant in arms she stood! a bloody Cross
Gleamed on her breast-plate, in her shield displayed
Erect a lion ramped; her helmed head
Rose like the Berecynthian Goddess crowned
With towers, and in her dreadful hand the sword
Red as a fire-brand blazed. Anon the tramp
Of horsemen, and the din of multitudes
Moving to mortal conflict, rang around:

The battle-song, the clang of sword and shield,
War-cries and tumult, strife and hate and rage,
Blasphemous prayers, confusion, agony,
Rout and pursuit and death; and over all
The shout of victory ... Spain and Victory!
Roderick, as the strong vision mastered him,
Rushed to the fight rejoicing: starting then,
As his own effort burst the charm of sleep,
He found himself upon that lonely grave
In moonlight and in silence. But the dream
Wrought in him still; for still he felt his heart
Pant, and his withered arm was trembling still;
And still that voice was in his ear which called
On Jesus for his sake.
O might he hear
That actual voice! and if Rusilla lived, ..
If shame and anguish for his crimes not yet
Had brought her to the grave, .. sure she would bless
Her penitent child, and pour into his heart
Prayers and forgiveness, which, like precious balm,
Would heal the wounded soul. Nor to herself
Less precious, or less healing, would the voice
That spake forgiveness flow. She wept her son

For ever lost, cut off with all the weight
Of unrepented sin upon his head,
Sin which had weighed a nation down...what joy
To know that righteous Heaven had in its wrath
Remembered mercy, and she yet might meet
The child whom she had borne, redeemed, in bliss
The sudden impulse of such thoughts confirmed
That unacknowledged purpose, which till now
Vainly had sought its end. He girt his loins,
Laid blessëd Mary's image in a cleft
Of the rock, where, sheltered from the elements,
It might abide till happier days came on,
From all defilement safe; poured his last prayer
Upon Romano's grave, and kissed the earth
Which covered his remains, and wept as if
At long leave-taking, then began his way.

III.

'Twas now the earliest morning; soon the Sun,
Rising above Albardos, poured his light
Amid the forest, and with ray aslant
Entering its depth, illumed the branchless pines,
Brightened their bark, tinged with a redder hue
Its rusty stains, and cast along the floor
Long lines of shadow, where they rose erect
Like pillars of the temple. With slow foot
Roderick pursued his way; for penitence,
Remorse which gave no respite, and the long
And painful conflict of his troubled soul,
Had worn him down. Now brighter thoughts arose,
And that triumphant Vision floated still
Before his sight with all her blazonry,
Her castled helm, and the victorious sword
That flashed like lightning o'er the field of blood.

Sustained by thoughts like these, from morn till eve
He journeyed, and drew near Leyria's walls.
'Twas even-song time, but not a bell was heard:
Instead thereof, on her polluted towers,
Bidding the Moors to their unhallowed prayer,
The cryer stood and with his sonorous voice
Fill'd the delicious vale where Lena winds
Thro' groves and pastoral meads. The sound, the sight
Of turban, girdle, robe, and scymitar,
And tawny skins, awoke contending thoughts
Of anger, shame, and anguish in the Goth;
The unaccustomed face of human-kind
Confused him now, and through the streets he went
With haggëd mien, and countenance like one
Crazed or bewildered. All who met him turned,
And wondered as he past. One stopt him short,
Put alms into his hand, and then desired,
In broken Gothic speech, the moon-struck man
To bless him. With a look of vacancy
Roderick received the alms; his wandering eye
Fell on the money, and the fallen King,
Seeing his own royal impress on the piece,
Broke out into a quick convulsive voice,

That seemed like laughter first, but ended soon
In hollow groans suppressed: the Musselman
Shrunk at the ghastly sound, and magnified
The name of Allah as he hastened on.
A Christian woman spinning at her door
Beheld him, and, with sudden pity touched,
She laid her spindle by, and running in
Took bread, and following after called him back,
And placing in his passive hands the loaf,
She said, Christ Jesus for his mother's sake
Have mercy on thee! With a look that seemed
Like idiotcy he heard her, and stood still,
Staring awhile; then bursting into tears
Wept like a child, and thus relieved his heart,
Full even to bursting else with swelling thoughts.
So through the streets, and through the northern gate
Did Roderick, reckless of a resting-place,
With feeble yet with hurried step, pursue
His agitated way: and when he reached
The open fields, and found himself alone
Beneath the starry canopy of Heaven,
The sense of solitude, so dreadful late,
Was then repose and comfort. There he stopt

Beside a little rill, and brake the loaf;
And shedding o'er that unaccustomed food
Painful but quiet tears, with grateful soul
He breathed thanksgiving forth, then made his bed
On heath and myrtle.

But when he arose
At day-break and pursued his way, his heart
Felt lightened that the shock of mingling first
Among his fellow-kind was overpast;
And journeying on, he greeted whom he met
With such short interchange of benison
As each to other gentle travellers give,
Recovering thus the power of social speech
Which he had long disused. When hunger prest
He asked for alms: slight supplication served;
A countenance so pale and woe-begone
Moved all to pity; and the marks it bore
Of rigorous penance and austerest life,
With something too of majesty that still
Appeared amid the wreck, inspired a sense
Of reverence too. The goat-herd on the hills
Opened his scrip for him; the babe in arms,
Affrighted at his visage, turned away,

And clinging to the mother's neck in tears
Would yet again look up, and then again,
With cry renewed, shrink back. The bolder imps
Who played beside the way, at his approach
Brake off their sport for wonder, and stood still
In silence; some among them cried, A Saint!
The village matron when she gave him food
Besought his prayers; and one entreated him
To lay his healing hands upon her child,
For with a sore and hopeless malady
Wasting, it long had lain, . . and sure, she said,
He was a man of God.

Thus travelling on
He past the vale where wild Arunca pours
Its wintry torrents; and the happier site
Of old Conimbrica, whose ruined towers
Bore record of the fierce Alani's wrath.
Mondego too he crost, not yet renowned
In poets' amorous lay; and left behind
The walls at whose foundation pious hands
Of Priest and Monk and Bishop meekly toiled,
So had the insulting Arian given command.
Those stately palaces and rich domains

Were now the Moor's, and many a weary age
Must Coimbra wear the misbeliever's yoke,
Before Fernando's banner through her gate
Shall pass triumphant, and her hallowed Mosque
Behold the hero of Bivar receive
The knighthood which he glorified so oft
In his victorious fields. Oh if the years
To come might then have risen on Roderick's soul,
How had they kindled and consoled his heart! ...
What joy might Douro's haven then have given,
Whence Portugal, the faithful and the brave,
Shall take her name illustrious! .. what, those walls
Where Mumadona one day will erect
Convent and town and towers, which shall become
The cradle of that famous monarchy!
What joy might these prophetic scenes have given, ..
What ample vengeance on the Musselman,
Driven out with foul defeat, and made to feel
In Africa the wrongs he wrought to Spain;
And still pursued by that relentless sword,
Even to the farthest Orient, where his power
Received its mortal wound.

O years of pride!
In undiscoverable futurity,
Yet unevolved, your destined glories lay;
And all that Roderick in these fated scenes
Beheld, was grief and wretchedness, . . the waste
Of recent war, and that more mournful calm
Of joyless, helpless, hopeless servitude.
'Twas not the ruined walls of church or tower,
Cottage or hall or convent, black with smoke;
'Twas not the unburied bones, which, where the dogs
And crows had strewn them, lay amid the field
Bleaching in sun or shower, that wrung his heart
With keenest anguish: 'twas when he beheld
The turban'd traitor shew his shameless front
In the open eye of Heaven, . . the renegade,
On whose base brutal nature unredeemed
Even black apostacy itself could stamp
No deeper reprobation, at the hour
Assigned fall prostrate; and unite the names
Of God and the Blasphemer, . . impious prayer, . .
Most impious, when from unbelieving lips
The accursëd utterance came. Then Roderick's heart
With indignation burnt, and then he longed

To be a King again, that so, for Spain
Betrayed and his Redeemer thus renounced,
He might inflict due punishment, and make
These wretches feel his wrath. But when he saw
The daughters of the land, . . who, as they went
With cheerful step to church, were wont to shew
Their innocent faces to all passers eyes,
Freely, and free from sin as when they looked
In adoration and in praise to Heaven, . .
Now masked in Moorish mufflers, to the Mosque
Holding uncompanied their jealous way,
His spirit seemed at that unhappy sight
To die away within him, and he too
Would fain have died, so death could bring with it
Entire oblivion.

Rent with thoughts like these,
He reached that city, once the seat renowned
Of Suevi kings, where, in contempt of Ron e
Degenerate long, the North's heroic race
Raised first a rival throne; now from its state
Of proud regality debased and fallen.
Still bounteous Nature o'er the lovely vale,
Where like a Queen rose Bracara august,

Poured forth her gifts profuse ; perennial springs
Flowed for her habitants, and genial suns,
With kindly showers to bless the happy clime,
Combined in vain their gentle influences :
For patient servitude was there, who bowed
His neck beneath the Moor, and silent grief
That eats into the soul. The walls and stones
Seem'd to reproach their dwellers ; stately piles
Yet undecayed, the mighty monuments
Of Roman pomp, Barbaric palaces,
And Gothic halls, where haughty Barons late
Gladdened their faithful vassals with the feast
And flowing bowl, alike the spoiler's now.

Leaving these captive scenes behind, he crost
Cavado's silver current, and the banks
Of Lima, through whose groves in after years,
Mournful yet sweet, Diogo's amorous lute
Prolonged its tuneful echoes. But when now
Beyond Arnoya's tributary tide,
He came where Minho rolled its ampler stream
By Auria's ancient walls, fresh horrors met
His startled view ; for prostrate in the dust

Those walls were laid, and towers and temples stood
Tottering in frightful ruins, as the flame
Had left them black and bare; and through the streets,
All with the recent wreck of war bestrewn,
Helmet and turban, scymitar and sword,
Christian and Moor in death promiscuous lay
Each where they fell; and blood-flakes, parched and
cracked
Like the dry slime of some receding flood;
And half-burnt bodies, which allured from far
The wolf and raven, and to impious food
Tempted the houseless dog.
A thrilling pang,
A sweat like death, a sickness of the soul,
Came over Roderick. Soon they past away,
And admiration in their stead arose,
Stern joy, and inextinguishable hope,
With wrath, and hate, and sacred vengeance now
Indissolubly linked. O valiant race,
O people excellently brave, he cried,
True Goths ye fell, and faithful to the last;
Though overpowered triumphant, and in death
Unconquered! Holy be your memory!
Blessed and glorious now and evermore

Be your heroic names! . . Led by the sound,
As thus he cried aloud, a woman came
Toward him from the ruins. For the love
Of Christ, she said, lend me a little while
Thy charitable help! . . . Her words, her voice,
Her look, more horror to his heart conveyed
Than all the havoc round: for though she spake
With the calm utterance of despair, in tones
Deep-breathed and low, yet never sweeter voice
Poured forth its hymns in ectasy to Heaven.
Her hands were bloody, and her garments stained
With blood, her face with blood and dust defiled.
Beauty and youth, and grace and majesty,
Had every charm of form and feature given:
But now upon her rigid countenance
Severest anguish set a fixedness
Ghastlier than death
She led him through the streets
A little way along, where four low walls,
Heapt rudely from the ruins round, enclosed
A narrow space: and there upon the ground
Four bodies, decently composed, were laid,
Though horrid all with wounds and clotted gore;

A venerable ancient, by his side
A comely matron, for whose middle age,
(If ruthless slaughter had not intervened,)
Nature it seemed, and gentle Time, might well
Have many a calm declining year in store;
The third an armëd warrior, on his breast
An infant, over whom his arms were crost.
There, . . with firm eye and steady countenance,
Unfaltering, she addrest him, . . there they lie,
Child, Husband, Parents, . . Adosinda's all!
I could not break the earth with these poor hands,
Nor other tomb provide, . . but let that pass!
Auria itself is now but one wide tomb
For all its habitants: — What better grave?
What worthier monument? . . Oh cover not
Their blood, thou Earth! and ye, ye blessëd Souls
Of Heroes and of murdered Innocents,
Oh never let your everlasting cries
Cease round the eternal throne, till the Most High
For all these unexampled wrongs hath given
Full, . . overflowing vengeance!
While she spake
She raised her lofty hands to Heaven, as if

Calling for justice on the Judgement-seat;
Then laid them on her eyes, and leaning on
Bent o'er the open sepulchre.
But soon
With quiet mien collectedly, like one
Who from intense devotion, and the act
Of ardent prayer, arising, girds himself
For this world's daily business, . . she arose,
And said to Roderick, Help me now to raise
The covering of the tomb.
With half-burnt planks,
Which she had gathered for this funeral use,
They roofed the vault: then laying stones above
They closed it down: last, rendering all secure,
Stones upon stones they piled, till all appeared
A huge and shapeless heap. Enough, she cried;
And taking Roderick's hands in both her own,
And wringing them with fervent thankfulness,
May God shew mercy to thee, she exclaimed,
When most thou needëst mercy! Who thou art
I know not; not of Auria, for of all
Her sons and daughters, save the one who stands
Before thee, not a soul is left alive.

But thou hast rendered to me, in my hour
Of need, the only help which man could give.
What else of consolation may be found
For one so utterly bereft, from Heaven
And from myself must come. For deem not thou
That I shall sink beneath calamity.
This visitation, like a lightning-stroke,
Hath scathed the fruit and blossom of my youth;
One hour hath orphaned me, and widowed me,
And made me childless. In this sepulchre
Lie buried all my earthward hopes and fears,
All human loves and natural charities; . .
All womanly tenderness, all gentle thoughts,
All female weakness too, I bury here,
Yea, all my former nature. There remain
Revenge and death: . . the bitterness of death
Is past, and Heaven already hath vouchsafed
A foretaste of revenge.
Look here! she cried
And drawing back, held forth her bloody hands
'Tis Moorish! . . . In the day of massacre,
A captain of Alcahman's murderous host
Reserved me from the slaughter. Not because

My rank and station tempted him with thoughts
Of ransom, for amid the general waste
Of ruin all was lost: . . . Nor yet, be sure,
That pity moved him, . . they who from this race
Accurst for pity look, such pity find
As ravenous wolves shew the defenceless flock.
My husband at my feet had fallen; my babe, . .
Spare me that thought, O God!.. and then .. even then
Amid the maddening throes of agony
Which rent my soul, . . when if this solid Earth
Had opened and let out the central fire,
Before whose all-involving flames wide Heaven
Shall shrivel like a scroll and be consumed,
The universal wreck had been to me
Relief and comfort; . . . even then this Moor
Turned on me his libidinous eyes, and bade
His men reserve me safely for an hour
Of dalliance, . . me! . . me in my agonies!
But when I found for what this miscreant child
Of Hell had snatched me from the butchery,
The very horror of that monstrous thought
Saved me from madness; I was calm at once, . .
Yea comforted and reconciled to life:

Hatred became to me the life of life,
Its purpose and its power.
The glutted Moors
At length broke up. This hell-dog turned aside
Toward his home: We travelled fast and far,
Till by a forest edge at eve he pitched
His tents. I washed and ate at his command,
Forcing revolted nature; I composed
My garments and bound up my scattered hair;
And when he took my hand, and to his couch
Would fain have drawn me, gently I retired
From that abominable touch, and said,
Forbear to-night I pray thee, for this day
A widow, as thou seest me, am I made;
Therefore, according to our law, must watch
And pray to-night. The loathsome villain paused
Ere he assented, then laid down to rest;
While at the door of the pavilion, I
Knelt on the ground, and bowed my face to earth;
But when the neighbouring tents had ceased their stir,
The fires were out, and all were fast asleep,
Then I arose. The blessëd Moon from Heaven
Lent me her holy light. I did not pray

For strength, for strength was given me as I drew
The scymitar, and, standing o'er his couch,
Raised it in both my hands with steady aim,
And smote his neck. Upward, as from a spring
When newly opened by the husbandman,
The villain's life-blood spouted. Twice I struck,
So making vengeance sure; then, praising God,
Retired amid the wood, and measured back
My patient way to Auria, to perform
This duty which thou seest.

As thus she spake,
Roderick intently listening had forgot
His crown, his kingdom, his calamities,
His crimes, . . so like a spell upon the Goth
Her powerful words prevailed. With open lips,
And eager ear, and eyes which, while they watched
Her features, caught the spirit that she breathed,
Mute and enrapt he stood, and motionless;
The vision rose before him; and that shout,
Which, like a thunder-peal, victorious Spain
Sent through the welkin, rung within his soul
Its deep prophetic echoes. On his brow
The pride and power of former majesty

Dawned once again, but changed and purified:
Duty and high heroic purposes,
Now hallowed it, and, as with inward light,
Illumed his meagre countenance austere.

Awhile in silence Adosinda stood,
Reading his altered visage, and the thoughts
Which thus transfigured him. Aye, she exclaimed,
The tale hath moved thee: it might move the dead,
Quicken captivity's dead soul, and rouse
This prostrate country from her mortal trance:
Therefore I live to tell it. And for this
Hath the Lord God Almighty given to me
A spirit not mine own, and strength from Heaven;
Dealing with me as in the days of old
With that Bethulian Matron when she saved
His people from the spoiler. What remains
But that the life which he hath thus preserved
I consecrate to him? Not veiled and vowed
To pass my days in holiness and peace;
Nor yet between sepulchral walls immured,
Alive to penitence alone; my rule
He hath himself prescribed, and hath infused

A passion in this woman's breast, wherein
All passions and all virtues are combined:
Love, hatred, joy, and anguish, and despair,
And hope, and natural piety, and faith,
Make up the mighty feeling. Call it not
Revenge: thus sanctified and thus sublimed,
'Tis duty, 'tis devotion. Like the grace
Of God, it came and saved me; and in it
Spain must have her salvation. In thy hands
Here, on the grave of all my family,
I make my vow.

She said, and kneeling down,
Placed within Roderick's palms her folded hands.
This life, she cried, I dedicate to God,
Therewith to do him service in the way
Which he hath shown. To rouse the land against
This impious, this intolerable yoke, . .
To offer up the invader's hateful blood, . .
This shall be my employ, my rule and rite,
Observances and sacrifice of faith;
For this I hold the life which he hath given,
A sacred trust; for this, when it shall suit
His service, joyfully will lay it down.

So deal with me as I fulfil the pledge,
O Lord my God, my Saviour and my Judge.

Then rising from the earth, she spread her arms,
And looking round with sweeping eyes exclaimed,
Auria, and Spain, and Heaven receive the vow!

IV.

Thus long had Roderick heard her powerful words
In silence, awed before her; but his soul
Was filled the while with swelling sympathy,
And now with impulse not to be restrained
The feeling overpowered him. Hear me too,
Auria, and Spain, and Heaven! he cried; and thou
Who risest thus above mortality,
Sufferer and patriot, saint and heroine,
The servant and the chosen of the Lord,
For surely such thou art, .. receive in me
The first-fruits of thy calling. Kneeling then,
And placing as he spake his hands in her's,
As thou hast sworn, the royal Goth pursued,
Even so I swear; my soul hath found at length
Her rest and refuge; in the invader's blood
She must efface her stains of mortal sin,

And in redeeming this lost land, work out
Redemption for herself. Herein I place
My penance for the past, my hope to come,
My faith and my good works; here offer up
All thoughts and passions of mine inmost heart,
My days and night, ... this flesh, this blood, this life,
Yea this whole being, I devote it here
For Spain. Receive the vow, all Saints in Heaven,
And prosper its good end! .. Clap now your wings,
The Goth with louder utterance as he rose,
Exclaimed, ... clap now your wings exultingly,
Ye ravenous fowl of Heaven; and in your dens
Set up, ye wolves of Spain, a yell of joy;
For, lo! a nation hath this day been sworn
To furnish forth your banquet; for a strife
Hath been commenced, the which from this day forth
Permits no breathing-time, and knows no end
Till in this land the last invader bow
His neck beneath the exterminating sword.

Said I not rightly? Adosinda cried;
The will which goads me on is not mine own,
'Tis from on high, .. yea; verily of Heaven!

But who art thou who hast professed with me,
My first sworn brother in the appointed rule?
Tell me thy name.

Ask any thing but that!
The fallen King replied. My name was lost
When from the Goths the sceptre past away.
The nation will arise regenerate;
Strong in her second youth, and beautiful,
And like a spirit which hath shaken off
The clog of dull mortality, shall Spain
Arise in glory. But for my good name
No resurrection is appointed here.
Let it be blotted out on earth: in Heaven
There shall be written with it penitence,
And grace and saving faith, and such good deeds
Wrought in atonement as my soul this day
Hath sworn to offer up.

Then be thy name,
She answered, Maccabee, from this day forth:
For this day art thou born again; and like
Those brethren of old times, whose holy names
Live in the memory of all noble hearts
For love and admiration, ever young,

So for our native country, for her hearths
And altars, for her cradles and her graves,
Hast thou thyself devoted. Let us now
Each to our work. Among the neighbouring hills,
I to the vassals of my father's house;
Thou to Visonia. Tell the Abbot there
What thou hast seen at Auria; and with him
Take counsel who of all our Baronage
Is worthiest to lead on the sons of Spain,
And wear upon his brow the Spanish crown.
Now, brother, fare thee well! we part in hope,
And we shall meet again, be sure, in joy.

So saying, Adosinda left the King
Alone amid the ruins. There he stood,
As when Elisha, on the farther bank
Of Jordan, saw that elder prophet mount
The fiery chariot, and the steeds of fire,
Trampling the whirlwind, bear him up the sky:
Thus gazing after her did Roderick stand;
And as the immortal Tishbite left behind
His mantle and prophetic power, even so
Had her inspiring presence left infused
The spirit which she breathed. Gazing he stood,

As at a heavenly visitation there
Vouchsafed in mercy to himself and Spain;
And when the heroic mourner from his sight
Had past away, still reverential awe
Held him suspended there and motionless.
Then turning from the ghastly scene of death
Up murmuring Lona, he began toward
The holy Bierzo his obedient way.
Sil's ample stream he crost, where through the vale
Of Orras, from that sacred land it bears
The whole collected waters: northward then,
Skirting the heights of Aguiar, he reached
That consecrated pile, amid the wild,
Which sainted Fructuoso in his zeal
Reared to St. Felix, on Visonia's banks.

In commune with a priest of age mature,
Whose thoughtful visage and majestic mien
Bespake authority and weight of care,
Odoar, the venerable Abbot, sate;
When ushering Roderick in, the Porter said,
A stranger came from Auria, and required
His private ear. From Auria? said the old man,

Comest thou from Auria, brother? I can spare
Thy painful errand then, . . we know the worst.

Nay, answered Roderick, but thou hast not heard
My tale. Where that devoted city lies
In ashes, mid the ruins and the dead
I found a woman, whom the Moors had borne
Captive away; but she, by Heaven inspired
And her good heart, with her own arm had wrought
Her own deliverance, smiting in his tent
A lustful Moorish miscreant, as of yore
By Judith's holy deed the Assyrian fell.
And that same spirit which had strengthened her
Worked in her still. For walls with patient toil
She reared, wherein, as in a sepulchre,
With her own hands she laid her murdered babe,
Her husband and her parents, side by side;
And when we covered in this shapeless tomb,
There on the grave of all her family,
Did this courageous mourner dedicate
All thoughts and actions of her future life
To her poor country. For she said, that Heaven
Supporting her, in mercy had vouchsafed

A foretaste of revenge; that, like the grace
Of God, revenge had saved her; that in it
Spain must have her salvation; and henceforth
That passion, thus sublimed and sanctified,
Must be to all the loyal sons of Spain
The pole-star of their faith, their rule and rite,
Observances and worthiest sacrifice.
I took the vow, unworthy as I am,
Her first sworn follower in the appointed rule;
And then we parted: She among the hills
To rouse the vassals of her father's house:
I at her bidding hitherward, to ask
Thy counsel, who of our old Baronage
Shall place upon his brow the Spanish crown.

The Lady Adosinda? Odoar cried.
Roderick made answer, So she called herself.

Oh none but she! exclaimed the good old man,
Clasping his hands, which trembled as he spake,
In act of pious passion raised to Heaven, . .
Oh none but Adosinda! . . none but she, . .
None but that noble heart, which was the heart

Of Auria while it stood, its life and strength,
More than her father's presence, or the arm
Of her brave Lord, all valiant as he was.
Hers was the spirit which inspired old age,
Ambitious boyhood, girls in timid youth,
And virgins in the beauty of their spring,
And youthful mothers, doting like herself
With ever-anxious love: She breathed through all
That zeal and that devoted faithfulness,
Which to the invader's threats and promises
Turned a deaf ear alike; which in the head
And flood of prosperous fortune checked his course,
Repelled him from the walls; and when at length
His overpowering numbers forced their way,
Even in that uttermost extremity
Unyielding, still from street to street, from house
To house, from floor to floor, maintained the fight:
Till by their altars falling, in their doors,
And on their household hearths, and by their beds
And cradles, and their fathers' sepulchres,
This noble army, gloriously revenged,
Embraced their martyrdom. Heroic souls!
Well have ye done, and righteously discharged

Your arduous part! Your service is performed,
Your earthly warfare done! Ye have put on
The purple robe of everlasting peace!
Ye have received your crown! Ye bear the palm
Before the throne of Grace!
With that he paused,
Checking the strong emotions of his soul.
Then with a solemn tone addressing him
Who shared his secret thoughts, Thou knowest, he said,
O Urban, that they have not fallen in vain;
For by this virtuous sacrifice they thinned
Alcahman's thousands; and his broken force,
Exhausted by their dear-bought victory,
Turned back from Auria, leaving us to breathe
Among our mountains yet. We lack not here
Good hearts, nor valiant hands. What walls or towers
Or battlements are like these fastnesses,
These rocks and glens and everlasting hills?
Give but that Aurian spirit, and the Moors
Will spend their force as idly on these holds,
As round the rocky girdle of the land
The wild Cantabrian billows waste their rage.
Give but that spirit! . . Heaven hath given it us,

If Adosinda thus, as from the dead,
Be granted to our prayers!
And who art thou,
Said Urban, who hast taken on thyself
This rule of warlike faith? Thy countenance
And those poor weeds bespeak a life ere this
Devoted to austere observances.

Roderick replied, I am a sinful man,
One who in solitude hath long deplored
A life mis-spent; but never bound by vows,
Till Adosinda taught me where to find
Comfort, and how to work forgiveness out.
When that exalted woman took my vow,
She called me Maccabee; from this day forth
Be that my earthly name. But tell me now,
Whom shall we rouse to take upon his head
The crown of Spain? Where are the Gothic Chiefs,
Sacaru, Theudemir, Athanagild,
All who survived that eight days' obstinate fight,
When cloggedwith bodies Chrysus scarce could force
Its bloody stream along? Witiza's sons,
Bad offspring of a stock accurst, I know,

Have put the turban on their recreant heads.
Where are your own Cantabrian Lords? I ween,
Eudon, and Pedro, and Pelayo now
Have ceased their rivalry. If Pelayo live,
His were the worthy heart and rightful hand
To wield the sceptre and the sword of Spain.

Odoar and Urban eyed him while he spake,
As if they wondered whose the tongue might be
Familiar thus with Chiefs and thoughts of state.
They scanned his countenance, but not a trace
Betrayed the royal Goth: sunk was that eye
Of sovereignty; and on the emaciate cheek
Had penitence and anguish deeply drawn
Their furrows premature, . . forestalling time,
And shedding upon thirty's brow more snows
Than threescore winters in their natural course
Might else have sprinkled there. It seems indeed
That thou hast past thy days in solitude,
Replied the Abbot, or thou wouldst not ask
Of things so long gone by. Athanagild
And Theudemir have taken on their necks
The yoke. Sacaru played a nobler part.

Long within Merida did he withstand
The invader's hot assault; and when at length,
Hopeless of all relief, he yielded up
The gates, disdaining in his father's land
To breathe the air of bondage, with a few
Found faithful to the last, indignantly
Did he toward the ocean bend his way,
And shaking from his feet the dust of Spain,
Took ship, and hoisted sail through seas unknown
To seek for freedom. Our Cantabrian Chiefs
All have submitted, but the wary Moor
Trusteth not all alike: At his own Court
He holds Pelayo, as suspecting most
That calm and manly spirit; Pedro's son
There too is held as hostage, and secures
His father's faith; Count Eudon is despised,
And so lives unmolested. When he pays
His tribute, an uncomfortable thought
May then perhaps disturb him: . . or more like
He meditates how profitable 'twere
To be a Moor; and if apostacy
Were all, and to be unbaptized might serve, . .
But I waste breath upon a wretch like this;

Pelayo is the only hope of Spain,
Only Pelayo.
If, as we believe,
Said Urban then, the hand of Heaven is here,
And dreadful though they be, yet for wise end
Of good, these visitations do its work;
All dimly as our mortal sight may scan
The future, yet methinks my soul descries
How in Pelayo should the purposes
Of Heaven be best accomplished. All too long,
Here in their own inheritance, the sons
Of Spain have groaned beneath a foreign yoke,
Punic and Roman, Kelt, and Goth, and Greek:
This latter tempest comes to sweep away
All proud distinctions which commingling blood
And time's long course have failed to efface; and now
Perchance it is the will of Fate to rear
Upon the soil of Spain a Spanish throne,
Restoring in Pelayo's native line
The sceptre to the Spaniard.
Go thou, then,
And seek Pelayo at the Conqueror's court.
Tell him the mountaineers are unsubdued;

The precious time they needed hath been gained
By Auria's sacrifice, and all they ask
Is him to guide them on. In Odoar's name
And Urban's, tell him that the hour is come.

Then pausing for a moment, he pursued.
The rule which thou hast taken on thyself
Toledo ratifies: 'tis meet for Spain,
And as the will divine, to be received,
Observed, and spread abroad. Come hither thou,
Who for thyself hast chosen the good part;
Let me lay hands on thee, and consecrate
Thy life unto the Lord.

Me! Roderick cried;
Me? sinner that I am! . . and while he spake
His withered cheek grew paler, and his limbs
Shook. As thou goest among the infidels,
Pursued the Primate, many thou wilt find
Fallen from the faith; by weakness some betrayed,
Some led astray by baser hope of gain,
And haply too by ill example led
Of those in whom they trusted. Yet have these
Their lonely hours, when sorrow, or the touch

Of sickness, and that awful power divine
Which hath its dwelling in the heart of man,
Life of his soul, his monitor and judge,
Move them with silent impulse; but they look
For help, and finding none to succour them,
The irrevocable moment passeth by.
Therefore, my brother, in the name of Christ
Thus I lay hands on thee, that in His name
Thou with His gracious promises may'st raise
The fallen, and comfort those that are in need,
And bring salvation to the penitent.
Now, brother, go thy way: the peace of God
Be with thee, and his blessing prosper us!

V.

Between St. Felix and the regal seat
Of Abdalazis, ancient Cordoba,
Lay many a long day's journey interposed;
And many a mountain range hath Roderick crost,
And many a lovely vale, ere he beheld
Where Betis, winding through the unbounded plain,
Rolled his majestic waters. There at eve
Entering an inn, he took his humble seat
With other travellers round the crackling hearth,
Where heath and cistus gave their fragrant flame.
That flame no longer, as in other times,
Lit up the countenance of easy mirth
And light discourse: the talk which now went round
Was of the grief that prest on every heart;
Of Spain subdued; the sceptre of the Goths
Broken; their nation and their name effaced;

Slaughter and mourning, which had left no house
Unvisited; and shame, which set its mark
On every Spaniard's face. One who had seen
His sons fall bravely at his side, bewailed
The unhappy chance which, rescuing him from death,
Left him the last of all his family;
Yet he rejoiced to think that none who drew
Their blood from him remained to wear the yoke,
Be at the miscreant's beck, and propagate
A breed of slaves to serve them. Here sate one
Who told of fair possessions lost, and babes
To goodly fortunes born, of all bereft.
Another for a virgin daughter mourned,
The lewd barbarian's spoil. A fourth had seen
His only child forsake him in his age,
And for a Moor renounce her hope in Christ.
His was the heaviest grief of all, he said;
And clenching as he spake his hoary locks,
He cursed King Roderick's soul.

Oh curse him not!
Roderick exclaimed, all shuddering as he spake.
Oh, for the love of Jesus, curse him not!
Sufficient is the dreadful load of guilt

Which lies upon his miserable soul!
O brother, do not curse that sinful soul,
Which Jesus suffered on the cross to save!

But then an old man, who had sate thus long
A silent listener, from his seat arose,
And moving round to Roderick took his hand;
Christ bless thee, brother, for that Christain speech!
He said; and shame on me that any tongue
Readier than mine was found to utter it!
His own emotion filled him while he spake,
So that he did not feel how Roderick's hand
Shook like a palsied limb; and none could see
How, at his well-known voice, the countenance
Of that poor traveller suddenly was changed,
And sunk with deadlier paleness; for the flame
Was spent, and from behind him, on the wall
High hung, the lamp with feeble glimmering played.

Oh it is ever thus! the old man pursued,
The crimes and woes of universal Spain
Are charged on him; and curses which should aim
At living heads, pursue beyond the grave

His poor unhappy soul! As if his sin
Had wrought the fall of our old monarchy!
As if the Musselmen in their career
Would ne'er have overleapt the gulph which parts
Iberia from the Mauritanian shore,
If Julian had not beckoned them!... Alas!
The evils which drew on our overthrow,
Would soon by other means have wrought their end,
Though Julian's daughter should have lived and died
A virgin vowed and veiled.

Touch not on that,
Shrinking with inward shiverings at the thought,
The penitent exclaimed. Oh, if thou lovest
The soul of Roderick, touch not on that deed!
God in his mercy may forgive it him,
But human tongue must never speak his name
Without reproach and utter infamy,
For that abhorred act. Even thou... But here
Siverian taking up the word, broke off
Unwittingly the incautious speech. Even I,
Quoth he, who nursed him in his father's hall,..
Even I can only for that deed of shame
Offer in agony my secret prayers.

But Spain hath witnessed other crimes as foul:
Have we not seen Favila's shameless wife,
Throned in Witiza's ivory car, parade
Our towns with regal pageantry, and bid
The murderous tyrant in her husband's blood
Dip his adulterous hand? Did we not see
Pelayo, by that bloody king's pursuit,
And that unnatural mother, from the land
With open outcry, like an outlawed thief,
Hunted? And saw ye not Theodofred,
As through the streets I guided his dark steps,
Roll mournfully toward the noon-day sun
His blank and senseless eye-balls? Spain saw this,
And suffered it.... I seek not to excuse
The sin of Roderick. Jesu, who beholds
The burning tears I shed in solitude,
Knows how I plead for him in midnight prayer.
But if, when he victoriously revenged
The wrongs of Chindasuintho's house, his sword
Had not for mercy turned aside its edge,
Oh what a day of glory had there been
Upon the banks of Chrysus! Curse not him,
Who in that fatal conflict to the last

So valiantly maintained his country's cause;
But if your sorrow needs must have its vent
In curses, let your imprecations strike
The caitiffs, who, when Roderick's hornëd helm
Rose eminent amid the thickest fight,
Betraying him who spared and trusted them,
Forsook their King, their Country, and their God,
And gave the Moor his conquest.
Aye! they said,
These were Witiza's hateful progeny;
And in an evil hour the unhappy King
Had spared the viperous brood. With that they talked
How Sisibert and Ebba through the land
Guided the foe: and Orpas, who had cast
The mitre from his renegado brow,
Went with the armies of the infidels;
And how in Hispalis, even where his hands
Had minister'd so oft the bread of life,
The circumcised apostate did not shame
To shew in open day his turban'd head. . .
The Queen too, Egilona, one exclaimed;
Was she not married to the enemy,
The Moor, the Misbeliever? What a soul

Were hers, that she could pride and plume herself
To rank among his herd of concubines,
Having been what she had been! And who could say
How far domestic wrongs and discontent
Had wrought upon the King!... At this the old man,
Raising beneath the knit and curly brow
His mournful eyes, replied, This I can tell,
That that unquiet spirit and unblest,
Though Roderick never told his sorrows, drove
Rusilla from the palace of her son.
She could not bear to see his generous mind
Wither beneath the unwholesome influence,
And cankering at the core. And I know well,
That oft when she deplored his barren bed,
The thought of Egilona's qualities
Came like a bitter medicine to her grief,
And to the extinction of her husband's line,
Sad consolation, reconciled her heart.

But Roderick, while they communed thus, had ceased
To hear, such painfullest anxiety
The sight of that old venerable man
Awoke. A sickening fear came over him:

The hope which led him from his hermitage
Now seemed for ever gone: for well he knew
Nothing but death could break the ties which bound
That faithful servant to his father's house.
She, then, for whose forgiveness he had yearned,
Who in her blessing would have given and found
The peace of Heaven, ..she, then, was to the grave
Gone down disconsolate at last: in this
Of all the woes of her unhappy life
Unhappiest that she did not live to see
God had vouchsafed repentance to her child.
But then a hope arose that yet she lived;
The weighty cause which led Siverian here
Might draw him from her side: better to know
The worst than fear it. And with that he bent
Over the embers, and with head half raised
Aslant, and shadowed by his hand, he said,
Where is King Roderick's mother? lives she still?

God hath upheld her, the old man replied;
She bears this last and heaviest of her griefs,
Not as she bore her husband's wrongs, when hope
And her indignant heart supported her;

But patiently, like one who finds from Heaven
A comfort which the world can neither give
Nor take away....Roderick inquired no more;
He breathed a silent prayer in gratitude,
Then wrapt his cloak around him, and lay down
Where he might weep unseen.
When morning came,
Earliest of all the travellers he went forth,
And lingered for Siverian by the way,
Beside a fountain, where the constant fall
Of water its perpetual gurgling made,
To the wayfaring or the musing man
Sweetest of all sweet sounds. The Christian hand,
Whose general charity for man and beast
Built it in better times, had with a cross
Of well-hewn stone crested the pious work,
Which now the misbelievers had cast down,
And broken in the dust it lay defiled.
Roderick beheld it lying at his feet,
And gathering reverently the fragments up,
Placed them within the cistern, and restored
With careful collocation its dear form, ..
So might the waters, like a crystal shrine,

Preserve it from pollution. Kneeling then,
O'er the memorial of redeeming love
He bent, and mingled with the fount his tears;
And poured his spirit to the crucified. .

A Moor came by, and seeing him, exclaimed,.
Ah, Kaffer! worshipper of wood and stone,
God's curse confound thee! And as Roderick turned
His face, the miscreant spurned him with his foot
Between the eyes. The indignant King arose,
And felled him to the earth. But then the Moor
Drew forth his dagger, rising as he cried,
What, darëst thou, thou infidel and slave,
Strike a believer? and he aimed a blow
At Roderick's breast. But Roderick caught his arm,
And closed, and wrenched the dagger from his hold,..
Such timely strength did those emaciate limbs
From indignation draw,.. and in his neck
With mortal stroke he drove the avenging steel
Hilt deep. Then, as the thirsty sand drank in
The expiring miscreant's blood, he looked around
In sudden apprehension, lest the Moors
Had seen them; but Siverian was in sight,

The only traveller, and he smote his mule
And hastened up. Ah, brother! said the old man,
Thine is a spirit of the ancient mould!
And would to God a thousand men like thee
Had fought at Roderick's side on that last day
When treason overpowered him! Now, alas!
A manly Gothic heart doth ill accord
With these unhappy times. Come, let us hide
This carrion, while the favouring hour permits.

So saying he alighted. Soon they scooped
Amid loose-lying sand a hasty grave,
And levelled over it the easy soil.
Father, said Roderick, as they journeyed on,
Let this thing be a seal and sacrament
Of truth between us: Wherefore should there be
Concealment between two right Gothic hearts
In evil days like these? What thou hast seen
Is but the first fruit of the sacrifice,
Which on this injured and polluted soil,
As on a bloody altar, I have sworn
To offer to insulted Heaven for Spain,
Her vengeance and her expiation. This

Was but a hasty act, by sudden wrong
Provoked: but I am bound for Cordoba,
On weighty mission from Visonia sent,
To breathe into Pelayo's ear a voice
Of spirit-stirring power, which, like the trump
Of the Arch-angel, shall awake dead Spain.
The northern mountaineers are unsubdued;
They call upon Pelayo for their chief;
Odoar and Urban tell him that the hour
Is come. Thou too, I ween, old man, art charged
With no light errand, or thou wouldst not now
Have left the ruins of thy master's house.

Who art thou? cried Siverian, as he searched
The wan and withered features of the King.
The face is of a stranger, but thy voice
Disturbs me like a dream.
Roderick replied,
Thou seest me as I am, . . a stranger; one
Whose fortunes in the general wreck were lost,
His name and lineage utterly extinct,
Himself in mercy spared, surviving all; . .
In mercy, that the bitter cup might heal

A soul diseased. Now, having cast the slough
Of old offences, thou beholdëst me
A man new-born; in second baptism named,
Like those who in Judea bravely raised
Against the Heathen's impious tyranny
The banner of Jehovah, Maccabee;
So call me. In that name hath Urban laid
His consecrating hands upon my head;
And in that name have I myself for Spain
Devoted. Tell me now why thou art sent
To Cordoba; for sure thou goëst not
An idle gazer to the Conqueror's court.

Thou judgest well, the old man replied. I too
Seek the Cantabrian Prince, the hope of Spain,
With other tidings charged, for other end
Designed, yet such as well may work with thine.
My noble Mistress sends me to avert
The shame that threats his house. The renegade
Numacian, he who for the infidels
Oppresses Gegio, insolently woos
His sister. Moulded in a wicked womb,
The unworthy Guisla hath inherited

Her Mother's leprous taint; and willingly
She to the circumcised and upstart slave,
Disdaining all admonishment, gives ear.
The Lady Gaudiosa sees in this,
With the quick foresight of maternal care,
The impending danger to her husband's house,
Knowing his generous spirit ne'er will brook
The base alliance. Guisla lewdly sets
His will at nought; but that vile renegade,
From hatred, and from avarice, and from fear,
Will seek the extinction of Pelayo's line.
This too my venerable Mistress sees;
Wherefore these valiant and high-minded dames
Send me to Cordoba; that if the Prince
Cannot by timely interdiction stop
The irrevocable act of infamy,
He may at least to his own safety look,
Being timely warned.
Thy Mistress sojourns then
With Gaudiosa, in Pelayo's hall?
Said Roderick. 'Tis her natural home, rejoined
Siverian: Chindasuintho's royal race
Have ever shared one lot of weal or woe:

And she who hath beheld her own fair shoot,
The goodly summit of that ancient tree,
Struck by Heaven's bolt, seeks shelter now beneath
The only branch of its majestic stem
That still survives the storm.
Thus they pursued
Their journey, each from other gathering store
For thought, with many a silent interval
Of mournful meditation, till they saw
The temples and the towers of Cordoba
Shining majestic in the light of eve.
Before them Betis rolled his glittering stream,
In many a silvery winding traced afar
Amid the ample plain. Behind the walls
And stately piles which crowned its margin, rich
With olives, and with sunny slope of vines,
And many a lovely hamlet interspersed,
Whose citron bowers were once the abode of peace,
Height above height, receding hills were seen
Imbued with evening hues; and over all
The summits of the dark sierra rose,
Lifting their heads amid the silent sky.
The traveller who with a heart at ease

Had seen the goodly vision, would have loved
To linger, seeking with insatiate sight
To treasure up its image, deep impressed,
A joy for years to come. O Cordoba,
Exclaimed the old man, how princely are thy towers,
How fair thy vales, thy hills how beautiful!
The sun who sheds on thee his parting smiles
Sees not in all his wide career a scene
Lovelier, nor more exuberantly blest
By bounteous earth and heaven. The very gales
Of Eden waft not from the immortal bowers
Odours to sense more exquisite, than these
Which, breathing from thy groves and gardens, now
Recall in me such thoughts of bitterness.
The time has been when happy was their lot
Who had their birthright here; but happy now
Are they who to thy bosom are gone home,
Because they feel not in their graves the feet
That trample upon Spain. 'Tis well that age
Hath made me like a child, that I can weep:
My heart would else have broken, overcharged,
And I, false servant, should lie down to rest
Before my work is done.

Hard by their path,
A little way without the walls, there stood
An edifice, whereto, as by a spell,
Siverian's heart was drawn. Brother, quoth he,
'Tis like the urgency of our return
Will brook of no retardment; and this spot
It were a sin if I should pass, and leave
Unvisited. Beseech you turn with me,
Just while I offer up one duteous prayer.

Roderick made no reply. He had not dared
To turn his face toward those walls; but now
He followed where the old man led the way.
Lord! in his heart the silent sufferer said,
Forgive my feeble soul, which would have shrunk
From this, . . for what am I that I should put
The bitter cup aside! O let my shame
And anguish be accepted in thy sight!

VI.

THE mansion whitherward they went, was one
Which in his youth Theodofred had built:
Thither had he brought home in happy hour
His blooming bride; there fondled on his knee
The lovely boy she bore him. Close beside,
A temple to that Saint he reared, who first,
As old tradition tells, proclaimed to Spain
The gospel-tidings; and in health and youth,
There mindful of mortality, he saw
His sepulchre prepared. Witiza seized
For his adulterous leman and himself
The stately pile: but to that sepulchre,
When from captivity and darkness death
Enlarged him, was Theodofred consigned;
For that unhappy woman, wasting then
Beneath a mortal malady, at heart

Was smitten, and the Tyrant at her prayer
This poor and tardy restitution made.
Soon the repentant sinner followed him;
And calling on Pelayo ere she died,
For his own wrongs, and for his father's death,
Implored forgiveness of her absent child, . .
If it were possible he could forgive
Crimes black as her's, she said. And by the pangs
Of her remorse, . . by her last agonies, . .
The unutterable horrors of her death, . .
And by the blood of Jesus on the cross,
For sinners given, did she beseech his prayers
In aid of her most miserable soul.
Thus mingling sudden shrieks with hopeless vows,
And uttering franticly Pelayo's name,
And crying out for mercy in despair,
Here had she made her dreadful end, and here
Her wretched body was deposited.
That presence seemed to desecrate the place:
Thenceforth the usurper shunned it with the heart
Of conscious guilt; nor could Rusilla bear
These groves and bowers, which, like funereal shades,
Oppress her with their monumental forms:

One day of bitter and severe delight,
When Roderick came for vengeance, she endured,
And then for ever left her bridal halls.

Oh when I last beheld yon princely pile,
Exclaimed Siverian, with what other thoughts
Full, and elate of spirit, did I pass
Its joyous gates! The weedery which through
The interstices of those neglected courts
Unchecked had flourished long, and seeded there,
Was trampled now and bruised beneath the feet
Of thronging crowds. Here drawn in fair array,
The faithful vassals of my master's house,
Their javelins sparkling to the morning sun,
Spread their triumphant banners; high-plumed helms
Rose o'er the martial ranks, and prancing steeds
Made answer to the trumpet's stirring voice;
While yonder towers shook the dull silence off
Which long to their deserted walls had clung,
And with redoubling echoes swelled the shout
That hailed victorious Roderick. Louder rose
The acclamation, when the dust was seen
Rising beneath his chariot-wheels far off;

But nearer as the youthful hero came,
All sounds of all the multitude were hushed,
And from the thousands and ten thousands here,
Whom Cordoba and Hispalis sent forth, . .
Yea whom all Bætica, all Spain poured out
To greet his triumph, . . . not a whisper rose
To Heaven, such awe and reverence mastered them,
Such expectation held them motionless.
Conqueror and King he came; but with no joy
Of conquest, and no pride of sovereignty
That day displayed; for at his father's grave
Did Roderick come to offer up his vow
Of vengeance well performed. Three coal-black steeds
Drew on his ivory chariot: by his side,
Still wrapt in mourning for the long-deceased,
Rusilla sate; a deeper paleness blanched
Her faded countenance, but in her eye
The light of her majestic nature shone.
Bound, and expecting at their hands the death
So well deserved, the Tyrant followed them;
Aghast and trembling, first he gazed around,
Wildly from side to side; then from the face
Of universal execration shrunk,

Hanging his wretched head abased; and poor
Of spirit, with unmanly tears deplored
His fortune, not his crimes. With bolder front,
Confiding in his priestly character,
Came Orpas next; and then the spurious race
Whom in unhappy hour Favila's wife
Brought forth for Spain. O mercy ill bestowed,
When Roderick, in compassion for their youth,
And for Pelayo's sake, forbore to crush
The brood of vipers!

Err perchance he might,
Replied the Goth, suppressing as he spake
All outward signs of pain, though every word
Went like a dagger to his bleeding heart;..
But sure, I ween, that error is not placed
Among his sins. Old man, thou mayest regret
The mercy ill deserved, and worse returned,
But not for this wouldst thou reproach the King!

Reproach him? cried Siverian;..I reproach
My child,..my noble boy,..whom every tongue
Blest at that hour,..whose love filled every heart
With joy, and every eye with joyful tears!

My brave, my beautiful, my generous boy!
Brave, beautiful, and generous as he was,
Never so brave, so beautiful, so great
As then, .. not even on that glorious day,
When on the field of victory, elevate
Amid the thousands who acclaimed him King,
Firm on the shield above their heads upraised,
Erect he stood, and waved his bloody sword...
Why dost thou shake thy head as if in doubt?
I do not dream, nor fable! Ten short years
Have scarcely past away, since all within
The Pyrenean hills, and the three seas
Which girdle Spain, echoed in one response
The acclamation from that field of fight...
Or doth aught ail thee, that thy body quakes
And shudders thus?
'Tis but a chill, replied
The King, in passing from the open air
Under the shadow of this thick-set grove.

Oh! if this scene awoke in thee such thoughts
As swell my bosom here, the old man pursued,
Sunshine, or shade, and all things from without,

Would be alike indifferent. Gracious God,
Only but ten short years, .. and all so changed!
Ten little years since in yon court he checked
His fiery steeds. The steeds obeyed his hand,
The whirling wheels stood still, and when he leapt
Upon the pavement, the whole people heard,
In their deep silence, open-eared, the sound.
With slower movement from the ivory seat
Rusilla rose, her arm, as down she stept,
Extended to her son's supporting hand;
Not for default of firm or agile strength,
But that the feeling of that solemn hour
Subdued her then, and tears bedimmed her sight.
Howbeit when to her husband's grave she came,
On the sepulchral stone she bowed her head
Awhile; then rose collectedly, and fixed
Upon the scene her calm and steady eye.
Roderick, .. oh when did valour wear a form
So beautiful, so noble, so august?
Or vengeance, when did it put on before
A character so awful, so divine?
Roderick stood up, and reaching to the tomb
His hands, my hero cried, Theodofred!

Father! I stand before thee once again,
According to thy prayer, when kneeling down
Between thy knees I took my last farewell;
And vowed by all thy sufferings, all thy wrongs,
And by my mother's days and nights of woe,
Her silent anguish, and the grief which then
Even from thee she did not seek to hide,
That if our cruel parting should avail
To save me from the Tyrant's jealous guilt,
Surely should my avenging sword fulfil
Whate'er he omened. Oh that time, I cried,
Would give the strength of manhood to this arm,
Already would it find a manly heart
To guide it to its purpose! And I swore
Never again to see my father's face,
Nor ask my mother's blessing, till I brought,
Dead or in chains, the Tyrant to thy feet.
Boy as I was, before all saints in Heaven,
And highest God, whose justice slumbereth not,
I made the vow. According to thy prayer,
In all things, O my father, is that vow
Performed, alas too well! for thou didst pray,
While looking up I felt the burning tears

Which from thy sightless sockets streamed, drop down,..
That to thy grave, and not thy living feet,
The oppressor might be led. Behold him there,..
Father! Theodofred! no longer now
In darkness, from thy heavenly seat look down,
And see before thy grave thine enemy
In bonds, awaiting judgement at my hand!

Thus while the hero spake, Witiza stood
Listening in agony, with open mouth,
And head, half-raised, toward his sentence turned;
His eye-lids stiffened and pursed up,.. his eyes
Rigid, and wild, and wide; and when the King
Had ceased, amid the silence which ensued,
The dastard's chains were heard, link against link
Clinking. At length upon his knees he fell,
And lifting up his trembling hands, outstretched
In supplication,.. Mercy! he exclaimed,..
Chains, dungeons, darkness,.. any thing but death!..
I did not touch his life.
Roderick replied,
His hour, whenever it had come, had found
A soul prepared: he lived in peace with Heaven,

And life prolonged for him, was bliss delayed.
But life, in pain and darkness and despair,
For thee, all leprous as thou art with crimes,
Is mercy... Take him hence, and let him see
The light of day no more!

Such Roderick was
When last I saw these courts, .. his theatre
Of glory; ...such when last I visited
My master's grave! Ten years have hardly held
Their course, .. ten little years .. break, break, old heart ..
Oh why art thou so tough!

As thus he spake
They reached the church. The door before his hand
Gave way; both blinded with their tears, they went
Straight to the tomb; and there Siverian knelt,
And bowed his face upon the sepulchre,
Weeping aloud; while Roderick, overpowered,
And calling upon earth to cover him,
Threw himself prostrate on his father's grave.
Thus as they lay, an awful voice in tones
Severe addressed them. Who are ye, it said,
That with your passion thus, and on this night,

Disturb my prayers? Starting they rose: there stood
A man before them of majestic form
And stature, clad in sackcloth, bare of foot,
Pale, and in tears, with ashes on his head.

VII.

'Twas not in vain that on her absent son,
Pelayo's mother, from the bed of death,
Call'd for forgiveness, and in agony
Besought his prayers; all guilty as she was,
Sure he had not been human, if that cry
Had failed to pierce him. When he heard the tale
He blest the messenger, even while his speech
Was faltering, . . while from head to foot he shook
With icy feelings from his inmost heart
Effused. It changed the nature of his woe,
Making the burthen more endurable:
The life-long sorrow that remained, became
A healing and a chastening grief, and brought
His soul, in close communion, nearer Heaven.
For he had been her first-born, and the love
Which at her breast he drew, and from her smiles,
And from her voice of tenderness imbibed,

Gave such unnatural horror to her crimes,
That when the thought came over him, it seemed
As if the milk which with his infant life
Had blended, thrilled like poison through his frame.
It was a woe beyond all reach of hope,
Till with the dreadful tale of her remorse
Faith touched his heart; and ever from that day
Did he for her who bore him, night and morn,
Pour out the anguish of his soul in prayer:
But chiefly as the night returned, which heard
Her last expiring groans of penitence,
Then through the long and painful hours, before
The altar like a penitent himself,
He kept his vigils; and when Roderick's sword
Subdued Witiza, and the land was free,
Duly upon her grave he offered up
His yearly sacrifice of agony
And prayer. This was the night, and he it was
Who now before Siverian and the King
Stood up in sackcloth.
The old man, from fear
Recovering, and from wonder, knew him first.

It is the Prince! he cried, and bending down
Embraced his knees. The action and the word
Awakened Roderick; he shook off the load
Of struggling thoughts, which, pressing on his heart,
Held him like one entranced; yet, all untaught
To bend before the face of man, confused
Awhile he stood, forgetful of his part.
But when Siverian cried, My Lord, my Lord,
Now God be praised that I have found thee thus,
My Lord and Prince, Spain's only hope and mine!
Then Roderick, echoing him, exclaimed, My Lord,
And Prince, Pelayo! .. and approaching near,
He bent his knee obeisant: but his head
Earthward inclined; while the old man, looking up,
From his low gesture to Pelayo's face,
Wept at beholding him for grief and joy.

Siverian! cried the Chief, .. of whom hath Death
Bereaved me, that thou comest to Cordoba? ..
Children, or wife? .. Or hath the merciless scythe
Of this abhorred and jealous tyranny
Made my house desolate at one wide sweep?

They are as thou couldst wish, the old man replied,
Wert thou but lord of thine own house again,
And Spain were Spain once more. A tale of ill
I bear, but one which touches not the heart
Like what thy fears forebode. The renegade
Numacian woos thy sister, and she lends
To the vile slave, unworthily, her ear:
The lady Gaudiosa hath in vain
Warned her of all the evils which await
A union thus accurst; she sets at nought
Her faith, her lineage, and thy certain wrath.

Pelayo hearing him, remained awhile
Silent; then turning to his mother's grave, . .
O thou poor dust, hath then the infectious taint
Survived thy dread remorse, that it should run
In Guisla's veins? he cried; . . I should have heard
This shameful sorrow any where but here! . .
Humble thyself, proud heart; . . thou, gracious Heaven,
Be merciful! . . it is the original flaw, . .
And what are we? . . a weak unhappy race,
Born to our sad inheritance of sin
And death! . . He smote his forehead as he spake,

And from his head the ashes fell, like snow
Shaken from some dry beech-leaves, when a bird
Lights on the bending spray. A little while
In silence, rather than in thought, he stood
Passive beneath the sorrow: turning then,
And what doth Gaudiosa counsel me?
He asked the old man; for she hath ever been
My wise and faithful counsellor . . . He replied,
The lady Gaudiosa bade me say
She sees the danger which on every part
Besets her husband's house . . Here she had ceased:
But when my noble Mistress gave in charge,
How I should tell thee that in evil times
The bravest counsels ever are the best;
Then that high-minded Lady thus rejoined,
Whatever be my Lord's resolve, he knows
I bear a mind prepared.
Brave spirits! cried
Pelayo, worthy to remove all stain
Of weakness from their sex! I should be less
Than man, if, drawing strength where others find
Their hearts most open to assault of fear,
I quailed at danger. Never be it said

Of Spain, that in the hour of her distress
Her women were as heroes, but her men
Performed the woman's part!
Roderick at that
Looked up, and taking up the word, exclaimed,
O Prince, in better days the pride of Spain,
And, prostrate as she lies, her surest hope,
Hear now my tale. The fire which seemed extinct
Hath risen revigorate: a living spark
From Auria's ashes, by a woman's hand
Preserved and quickened, kindles far and wide
The beacon-flame o'er all the Asturian hills.
There hath a vow been offered up, which binds
Us and our children's children to the work
Of holy hatred. In the name of Spain
That vow hath been pronounced, and registered
Above, to be the bond whereby we stand
For condemnation or acceptance. Heaven
Received the irrevocable vow, and Earth
Must witness its fulfilment; Earth and Heaven
Call upon thee, Pelayo! Upon thee
The spirits of thy royal ancestors
Look down expectant; unto thee, from field-

Laid waste, and hamlets burnt, and cities sacked,
The blood of infancy and helpless age
Cries out; thy native mountains call for thee,
Echoing from all their armëd sons thy name.
And deem not thou, that hot impatience goads
Thy countrymen to counsels immature:
Odoar and Urban from Visonia's banks
Send me, their sworn and trusted messenger,
To summon thee, and tell thee in their name
That now the hour is come: For sure it seems,
Thus saith the Primate, Heaven's high will to rear
Upon the soil of Spain a Spanish throne,
Restoring in thy native line, O Prince,
The sceptre to the Spaniard. Worthy son
Of that most ancient and heroic race,
Which with unweariable endurance still
Hath striven against its mightier enemies,
Roman or Carthaginian, Greek or Goth;
So often by superior arms opprest,
More often by superior arts beguiled;
Yet amid all its sufferings, all the waste
Of sword and fire remorselessly employed,
Unconquered and unconquerable still;..

Son of that injured and illustrious stock,
Stand forward thou: draw forth the sword of Spain,
Restore them to their rights, too long withheld,
And place upon thy brow the Spanish crown.

When Roderick ceased, the princely Mountaineer
Gazed on the passionate orator awhile,
With eyes intently fixed, and thoughtful brow;
Then turning to the altar, he let fall
The sackcloth robe, which late with folded arms
Against his heart was prest; and, stretching forth
His hands toward the crucifix, exclaimed,
My God and my Redeemer! where but here,
Before thy awful presence, in this garb,
With penitential ashes thus bestrewn,
Could I so fitly answer to the call
Of Spain; and for her sake, and in thy name,
Accept the Crown of Thorns she proffers me!

And where but here, said Roderick in his heart,
Could I so properly, with humbled knee
And willing soul, confirm my forfeiture? . .
The action followed on that secret thought:

He knelt, and took Pelayo's hand, and cried,
First of the Spaniards, let me with this kiss
Do homage to thee here, my Lord and King!
With voice unchanged and steady countenance
He spake; but when Siverian followed him,
The old man trembled as his lips pronounced
The faltering vow; and rising he exclaimed,
God grant thee, O my Prince, a better fate
Than thy poor kinsman's, who in happier days
Received thy homage here!.. Grief choaked his speech
And, bursting into tears, he sobbed aloud.
Tears too adown Pelayo's manly cheek
Rolled silently. Roderick alone appeared
Unmoved and calm; for now the Royal Goth
Had offered his accepted sacrifice,
And therefore in his soul he felt that peace
Which follows painful duty well performed, . .
Perfect and heavenly peace, . . the peace of God.

VIII.

FAIN would Pelayo have that hour
The call commencing his adventurous flight,
As one whose soul impatiently endured
His country's-thraldom, and in daily prayer
Imploring her deliverance, cried to Heaven,
How long, O Lord, how long! . . But other thoughts
Curbing his spirit, made him yet awhile
Sustain the weight of bondage. Him alone,
Of all the Gothic baronage, the Moors
Watched with regard of wary policy, . .
Knowing his powerful name, his noble mind,
And how in him the old Iberian blood,
Of royal and remotest ancestry,
From undisputed source flowed undefiled;
His mother's after-guilt attainting not
The claim legitimate he derived from her,

Her first-born in her time of innocence.
He too of Chindasuintho's regal line
Sole remnant now, drew after him the love
Of all true Goths, uniting in himself
Thus by this double right, the general heart
Of Spain. For this the renegado crew,
Wretches in whom their conscious guilt and fear
Engendered cruellest hatred, still advised
The extinction of Pelayo's house; but most
The apostate Prelate, in iniquity
Witiza's genuine brother as in blood,
Orpas, pursued his life. He never ceased
With buzy zeal, true traitor, to infuse
His deadly rancour in the Moorish chief:
Their only danger, ever he observed,
Was from Pelayo; root his lineage out,
The Caliph's empire then would be secure,
And universal Spain, all hope of change
Being lost, receive the Prophet's conquering
Then did the Arch-villain urge the Moor at once
To cut off future peril, telling him
Death was a trusty keeper, and that none
E'er broke the prison of the grave. But here

Keen malice overshot its mark: The Moor,
Who from the plunder of their native land
Had bought the recreant crew that joined his arms,
Or cheaplier with their own possessions bribed
Their sordid souls, saw through the flimsy show
Of policy wherewith they sought to cloak
Old enmity, and selfish aims: he scorned
To let their private purposes incline
His counsels, and believing Spain subdued,
Smiled, in the pride of power and victory,
Disdainful at the thought of farther strife.
Howbeit he held Pelayo at his court,
And told him that until his countrymen
Submissively should lay their weapons down,
He from his children and paternal hearth
Apart must dwell; nor hope to see again
His native mountains and their vales beloved,
Till all the Asturian and Cantabrian hills
Had bowed before the Caliph; Cordoba
Must be his nightly prison till that hour.
This night, by special favour from the Moor
Asked and vouchsafed, he past without the walls,
Keeping his yearly vigil; on this night

Therefore the princely Spaniard could not fly,
Being thus in strongest bonds by honour held,
Nor would he by his own escape expose
To stricter bondage, or belike to death,
Count Pedro's son. The ancient enmity
Of rival houses from Pelayo's heart
Had, like a thing forgotten, past away;
He pitied child and parent, separated
By the stern mandate of unfeeling power;
And almost with a father's eyes beheld
The boy, his fellow in captivity.
For young Alphonso was in truth an heir
Of nature's largest patrimony; rich
In form and feature, growing strength of limb,
A gentle heart, a soul affectionate,
A joyous spirit filled with generous thoughts,
And genius heightening and ennobling all.
The blossom of all manly virtues made
His boyhood beautiful. Shield, gracious Heaven,
In this ungenial season perilous, . .
Thus would Pelayo sometimes breathe in prayer
The aspirations of prophetic hope, . .
Shield, gracious Heaven, the blooming tree! and let

This goodly promise, for thy people's sake,
Yield its abundant fruitage.
When the Prince,
With hope and fear and grief and shame disturbed,
And sad remembrance, and the shadowy light
Of days before him, thronging as in dreams,
Whose quick succession filled and overpowered
Awhile the unresisting faculty,
Could in the calm of troubled thoughts subdued
Seek in his heart for counsel, his first care
Was for the boy; how best they might evade
The Moor, and renegade's more watchful eye;
And leaving in some unsuspicious guise
The city, through what unfrequented track
Safeliest pursue with speed their dangerous way.
Consumed in cares like these, the fleeting hours
Went by. The lamps and tapers now grew pale,
And through the eastern window slanting fell
The roseate ray of morn. Within those walls
Returning day restored no cheerful sounds,
Or joyous motions of awakening life;
But in the stream of light the speckled motes,
As if in mimickry of insect play,

Floated with mazy movement. Sloping down
Over the altar passed the pillared beam,
And rested on the sinful woman's grave
As if it entered there, a light from Heaven.
So be it! cried Pelayo, even so!
As, in a momentary interval,
When thought expelling thought, had left his mind
Open and passive to the influxes
Of outward sense, his vacant eye was there,..
So be it, Heavenly Father, even so!
Thus may thy vivifying goodness shed
Forgiveness there; for let not thou the groans
Of dying penitence, nor my bitter prayers
Before thy mercy-seat, be heard in vain!
And thou, poor soul, who from the dolorous house
Of weeping and of pain, dost look to me
To shorten and assuage thy penal term,
Pardon me that these hours in other thoughts
And other duties than this garb, this night,
Enjoin, should thus have past! Our mother-land
Exacted of my heart the sacrifice;
And many a vigil must thy son perform
Henceforth in woods and mountain fastnesses,

And tented fields, outwatching for her sake
The starry host, and ready for the work
Of day, before the sun begins his course.

The noble Mountaineer, concluding then
With silent prayer the service of the night,
Went forth. Without the porch awaiting him
He saw Alphonso, pacing to and fro
With patient step and eye reverted oft.
He, springing forward when he heard the door
Move on its heavy hinges, ran to him,
And welcomed him with smiles of youthful love.
I have been watching yonder moon, quoth he,
How it grew pale and paler as the sun
Scattered the flying shades, but woe is me,
For on the towers of Cordobá the while
That baleful crescent glittered in the morn,
And with its insolent triumph seemed to mock
The omen I had found... Last night I dreamt
That thou wert in the field in arms for Spain,
And I was at thy side: the infidels
Beset us round, but we with our good swords
Hewed out a way. Methought I stabbed a Moor

Who would have slain thee; but with that I woke
For joy, and wept to find it but a dream.

Thus as he spake a livelier glow o'erspread
His cheek, and starting tears again suffused
The brightening lustre of his eyes. The Prince
Regarded him a moment stedfastly,
As if in quick resolve; then looking round
On every side with keen and rapid glance,
Drew him within the church. Alphonso's heart
Throbbed with a joyful boding as he marked
The calmness of Pelayo's countenance
Kindle with solemn thoughts, expressing now
High purposes of resolute hope. He gazed
All eagerly to hear what most he wished.
If, said the Prince, thy dream were verified,
And I indeed were in the field in arms
For Spain,.. wouldst thou be at Pelayo's side?
If I should break these bonds, and fly to rear
Our country's banner on our native hills,
Wouldst thou, Alphonso, share my dangerous flight,
Dear boy,.. and wilt thou take thy lot with me
For death, or for deliverance?

Shall I swear?
Replied the impatient boy; and laying hand
Upon the altar, on his knee he bent,
Looking towards Pelayo with such joy
Of reverential love, as if a God
Were present to receive the eager vow.
Nay, quoth Pelayo: what hast thou to do
With oaths? .. Bright emanation as thou art,
It were a wrong to thy unsullied soul,
A sin to nature, were I to require
Promise or vow from thee! Enough for me
That thy heart answers to the stirring call.
Alphonso, follow thou, in happy faith,
Alway the indwelling voice that counsels thee
And then, let fall the issue as it may,
Shall all thy paths be in the light of Heaven,
The peace of Heaven be with thee in all hours

How then, exclaimed the boy, shall I discharge
The burthen of this happiness, .. how ease
My overflowing soul! .. Oh gracious God,
Shall I behold my mother's face again, ..
My father's hall, .. my native hills and vales,

And hear the voices of their streams again, . .
And free as I was born amid those scenes
Beloved, maintain my country's freedom there, . .
Or, failing in the sacred enterprize,
Die as becomes a Spaniard ! . . . Saying thus,
He lifted up his hands and eyes toward
The image of the crucified, and cried,
O Thou who didst with thy most precious blood
Redeem us, Jesu ! help us while we seek
Earthly redemption from this yoke of shame
And misbelief and death.
The noble boy
Then rose, and would have knelt again to clasp
Pelayo's knees, and kiss his hand in act
Of homage ; but the Prince, preventing this,
Bent over him in fatherly embrace,
And breathed a fervent blessing on his head.

IX.

There sate a woman like a supplicant,
Muffled and cloaked, before Pelayo's gate,
Awaiting when he should return that morn.
She rose at his approach, and bowed her head,
And, with a low and trembling utterance,
Besought him to vouchsafe her speech within
In privacy. And when they were alone,
And the doors closed, she knelt and clasped his knees,
Saying, a boon! a boon! This night, O Prince,
Hast thou kept vigil for thy mother's soul:
For her soul's sake, and for the soul of him
Whom once, in happier days, of all mankind
Thou heldëst for thy chosen bosom friend,
Oh for the sake of his poor suffering soul,
Refuse me not!
How should I dare refuse,
Being thus adjured! he answered. Thy request

Is granted, woman, . . be it what it may,
So it be lawful, and within the bounds
Of possible atchievement : . . aught unfit
Thou wouldst not with these adjurations seek.
But who thou art, I marvel, that dost touch
Upon that string, and ask in Roderick's name ! . .
She bared her face, and, looking up, replied,
Florinda ! . . Shrinking then, with both her hands
She hid herself, and bowed her head abased
Upon her knee, . . as one who, if the grave
Had oped beneath her, would have thrown herself,
Even like a lover, in the arms of Death.

Pelayo stood confused : he had not seen
Count Julian's daughter since in Roderick's court,
Glittering in beauty and in innocence,
A radiant vision, in her joy she moved :
More like a poet's dream, or form divine,
Heaven's prototype of perfect womanhood,
So lovely was the presence, . . than a thing
Of earth and perishable elements.
Now had he seen her in her winding-sheet,
Less painful would that spectacle have proved ;

For peace is with the dead, and piety
Bringeth a patient hope to those who mourn
O'er the departed: but this altered face,
Bearing its deadly sorrow charactered,
Came to him like a ghost, which in the grave
Could find no rest. He, taking her cold hand,
Raised her, and would have spoken; but his tongue
Failed in its office, and could only speak
In under tones compassionate her name.

The voice of pity soothed and melted her;
And when the Prince bade her be comforted,
Proffering his zealous aid in whatsoe'er
Might please her to appoint, a feeble smile
Past slowly over her pale countenance,
Like moonlight on a marble statue. Heaven
Requite thee, Prince! she answered. All I ask
Is but a quiet resting-place, wherein
A broken heart, in prayer and humble hope,
May wait for its deliverance. Even this
My most unhappy fate denies me here.
Griefs which are known too widely and too well
I need not now remember. I could bear

Privation of all Christian ordinances;
The woe which kills hath saved me too, and made
A temple of this ruined tabernacle,
Wherein redeeming God doth not disdain
To let his presence shine. And I could bear
To see the turban on my father's brow,..
Sorrow beyond all sorrows,.. shame of shames,..
Yet to be borne, while I with tears of blood,
And throes of agony, in his behalf
Implore, and wrestle with offended Heaven.
This I have borne resigned: but other ills
And worse assail me now; the which to bear,
If to avoid be possible, would draw
Damnation down. Orpas, the perjured Priest,
The apostate Orpas, claims me for his bride.
Obdurate as he is, the wretch profanes
My sacred woe, and woos me to his bed,
The thing I am,.. the living death thou seest!

Miscreant! exclaimed Pelayo. Might I meet
That renegado sword to scymitar
In open field, never did man approach
The altar for the sacrifice in faith

More sure, than I should hew the villain down!
But how should Julian favour his demand?..
Julian, who hath so passionately loved
His child, so dreadfully revenged her wrongs!

Count Julian, she replied, hath none but me,
And it hath, therefore, been his heart's desire
To see his ancient line by me preserved.
This was their covenant when in fatal hour
For Spain, and for themselves, in traitorous bond
Of union they combined. My father, stung
To madness, only thought of how to make
His vengeance sure: the Prelate, calm and cool,
When he renounced his outward faith in Christ,
Indulged at once his hatred of the King,
His inbred wickedness, and a haughty hope,
Versed as he was in treasons, to direct
The invaders by his secret policy,
And at their head, aided by Julian's power,
Reign as a Moor upon that throne to which
The priestly order else had barred his way.
The African hath conquered for himself;
But Orpas coveteth Count Julian's lands,

And claims to have the covenant performed.
Friendless, and worse than fatherless, I come
To thee for succour. Send me secretly,..
For well I know all faithful hearts must be
At thy devotion,..with a trusty guide
To guard me on the way, that I may reach
Some Christian land, where Christian rites are free,
And there discharge a vow, alas! too long,
Too fatally delayed. Aid me in this
For Roderick's sake, Pelayo! and thy name
Shall be remembered in my latest prayer.

Be comforted! the Prince replied; but when
He spake of comfort, twice did he break off
The idle words, feeling that earth had none
For grief so irremediable as her's.
At length he took her hand, and pressing it,
And forcing through involuntary tears
A mournful smile affectionate, he said,
Say not that thou art friendless while I live!
Thou couldst not to a readier ear have told
Thy sorrows, nor have asked in fitter hour
What for my country's honour, for my rank,

My faith, and sacred knighthood, I am bound
In duty to perform; which not to do
Would show me undeserving of the names
Of Goth, Prince, Christian, even of Man. This day,
Lady, prepare to take thy lot with me,
And soon as evening closes meet me here.
Duties bring blessings with them, and I hold
Thy coming for a happy augury,
In this most awful crisis of my fate.

X.

With sword and breast-plate, under rustic weeds
Concealed, at dusk Pelayo past the gate,
Florinda following near, disguised alike.
Two peasants on their mules they seemed, at eve
Returning from the town. Not distant far,
Alphonso by the appointed orange-grove,
With anxious eye and agitated heart,
Watched for the Prince's coming. Eagerly
At every foot-fall through the gloom he strained
His sight, nor did he recognize him when
The Chieftain thus accompanied drew nigh;
And when the expected signal called him on,
Doubting this female presence, half in fear
Obeyed the call. Pelayo too perceived
The boy was not alone; he not for that
Delayed the summons, but lest need should be,

Laying hand upon his sword, toward him bent
In act soliciting speech, and low of voice
Enquired if friend or foe. Forgive me, cried
Alphonso, that I did not tell thee this,
Full as I was of happiness, before.
'Tis Hoya, servant of my father's house,
Unto whose dutiful care and love, when sent
To this vile bondage, I was given in charge.
How could I look upon my father's face
If I had in my joy deserted him,
Who was to me found faithful?... Right! replied
The Prince; and viewing him with silent joy,
Blessed the Mother, in his heart he said,
Who gave thee birth! but sure of womankind
Most blessed she whose hand her happy stars
Shall link with thine! and with that thought the form
Of Hermesind, his daughter, to his soul
Came in her beauty.

Soon by devious tracks
They turned aside. The favouring moon arose,
To guide them on their flight through upland paths
Remote from frequentage, and dales retired,
Forest and mountain glen. Before their feet

The fire-flies, swarming in the woodland shade,
Sprung up like sparks, and twinkled round their way;
The timorous blackbird, starting at their step,
Fled from the thicket, with shrill note of fear;
And far below them in the peopled dell,
When all the soothing sounds of eve had ceased,
The distant watch-dog's voice at times was heard,
Answering the nearer wolf. All through the night
Among the hills they travelled silently;
Till when the stars were setting, at what hour
The breath of Heaven is coldest, they beheld
Within a lonely grove the expected fire,
Where Roderick and his comrade anxiously
Looked for the appointed meeting. Halting there,
They from the burthen and the bit relieved
Their patient bearers, and around the fire
Partook of needful food and grateful res

Bright rose the flame replenished; it illumed
The cork-tree's furrowed rind, its rifts and swells
And redder scars, . . and where its aged boughs
O'erbowered the travellers, cast upon the leaves
A floating, grey, unrealizing gleam.

Alphonso, light of heart, upon the heath
Lay carelessly dispread, in happy dreams
Of home: his faithful Hoya slept beside.
Years and fatigue to old Siverian brought
Easy oblivion; and the Prince himself,
Yielding to weary nature's gentle will,
Forgot his cares awhile. Florinda sate
Beholding Roderick with fixed eyes intent,
Yet unregardant of the countenance
Whereon they dwelt; in other thoughts absorbed,
Collecting fortitude for what she yearned,
Yet trembled to perform. Her steady look
Disturbed the Goth, albeit he little weened
What agony awaited him that hour.
Her face, well nigh as changed as his, was now
Half-hidden, and the lustre of her eye
Extinct; nor did her voice awaken in him
One startling recollection when she spake,
So altered were its tones.

Father, she said,
All thankful as I am to leave behind
The unhappy walls of Cordoba, not less
Of consolation doth my heart receive

At sight of one to whom I may disclose
The sins which trouble me, and at his feet
Lay down repentantly, in Jesus' name,
The burthen of my spirit. In his name
Hear me, and pour into a wounded soul
The balm of pious counsel . . . Saying thus,
She drew toward the minister ordained,
And kneeling by him, Father, dost thou know
The wretch who kneels beside thee? she enquired.
He answered, Surely we are each to each
Equally unknown.
Then said she, Here thou seest
One who is known too fatally for all, . .
The daughter of Count Julian. . . . Well it was
For Roderick that no eye beheld him now:
From head to foot a sharper pang than death
Thrilled him; his heart, as at a mortal stroke,
Ceased from its functions: his breath failed, and when
The power of life recovering set its springs
Again in action, cold and clammy sweat
Starting at every pore suffused his frame.
Their presence helped him to subdue himself;
For else, had none been nigh, he would have fallen

Before Florinda prostrate on the earth,
And in that mutual agony belike
Both souls had taken flight. She marked him not:
For having told her name, she bowed her head;
Breathing a short and silent prayer to Heaven,
While, as the penitent, she wrought herself
To open to his eye her hidden wounds.

Father, at length she said, all tongues amid
This general ruin shed their bitterness
On Roderick, load his memory with reproach,
And with their curses persecute his soul....
Why shouldst thou tell me this? exclaimed the Goth,
From his cold forehead wiping as he spake
The death-like moisture:..Why of Roderick's guilt
Tell me? Or thinkëst thou I know it not?
Alas! who hath not heard the hideous tale
Of Roderick's shame! Babes learn it from their nurses,
And children, by their mothers unreproved,
Link their first execrations to his name.
Oh, it hath caught a taint of infamy,
That, like Iscariot's, through all time shall last,
Reeking and fresh for ever!

There! she cried,
Drawing her body backward where she knelt,
And stretching forth her arms with head upraised,..
There! it pursues me still!..I came to thee,
Father, for comfort, and thou heapëst fire
Upon my head. But hear me patiently,
And let me undeceive thee! self-abased,
Not to arraign another, do I come;..
I come a self-accuser, self-condemned,
To take upon myself the pain deserved;
For I have drank the cup of bitterness,
And having drank therein of heavenly grace,
I must not put away the cup of shame.

Thus as she spake she faltered at the close,
And in that dying fall her voice sent forth
Somewhat of its original sweetness. Thou!..
Thou self-abased! exclaimed the astonished King;..
Thou self-condemned!..The cup of shame for thee!
Thee!..thee, Florinda!...But the very excess
Of passion checked his speech, restraining thus
From farther transport, which had haply else
Mastered him; and he sate like one entranced,

Gazing upon that countenance so fallen,
So changed: her face, raised from its muffler now,
Was turned toward him, and the fire-light shone
Full on its mortal paleness; but the shade
Concealed the King.
She roused him from the spell
Which held him like a statue motionless.
Thou too, quoth she, dost join the general curse,
Like one who when he sees a felon's grave,
Casting a stone there as he passes by,
Adds to the heap of shame. Oh what are we,
Frail creatures as we are, that we should sit
In judgment man on man! and what were we,
If the All-merciful should mete to us
With the same rigorous measure wherewithal
Sinner to sinner metes! But God beholds
The secrets of the heart, . . therefore his name
Is Merciful. Servant of God, see thou
The hidden things of mine, and judge thou then
In charity thy brother who hath fallen . . . .
Nay, hear me to the end! I loved the King, . .
Tenderly, passionately, madly loved him.
Sinful it was to love a child of earth

With such entire devotion as I loved
Roderick, the heroic Prince, the glorious Goth!
And yet methought this was its only crime,
The imaginative passion seemed so pure:
Quiet and calm like duty, hope nor fear
Disturb the deep contentment of that love;
He was the sunshine of my soul, and like
A flower, I lived and flourished in his light.
Oh bear not with me thus impatiently!
No tale of weakness this, that in the act
Of penitence, indulgent to itself,
With garrulous palliation half repeats
The sin it ill repents. I will be brief,
And shrink not from confessing how the love
Which thus began in innocence, betrayed
My unsuspecting heart; nor me alone,
But him, before whom, shining as he shone
With whatsoe'er is noble, whatsoe'er
Is lovely, whatsoever good and great,
I was as dust and ashes,.. but him, alas!
This glorious being, this exalted Prince
Even him, with all his royalty of soul,
Did this ill-omened, this accursëd love,

To his most lamentable fall betray
And utter ruin. Thus it was: The King,
By counsels of cold statesmen ill-advised,
To an unworthy mate had bound himself
In politic wedlock. Wherefore should I tell
How Nature upon Egilona's form,
Profuse of beauty, lavishing her gifts,
Left, like a statue from the graver's hands,
Deformity and hollowness beneath
The rich external? For the love of pomp
And emptiest vanity, hath she not incurred
The grief and wonder of good men, the gibes
Of vulgar ribaldry, the reproach of all;
Profaning the most holy sacrament
Of marriage, to become chief of the wives
Of Abdalaziz, of the Infidel,
The Moor, the tyrant-enemy of Spain!
All know her now; but they alone who knew
What Roderick was can judge his wretchedness,
To that light spirit and unfeeling heart
In hopeless bondage bound. No children rose
From this unhappy union, towards whom
The springs of love within his soul confined

Might flow in joy and fulness; nor was he
One, like Witiza, of the vulgar crew,
Who in promiscuous appetite can find
All their vile nature seeks. Alas for man!
Exuberant health diseases him, frail worm!
And the slight bias of untoward chance
Makes his best virtues from the even line,
With fatal declination, swerve aside.
Aye, thou mayest groan for poor mortality,..
Well, Father, mayest thou groan!
My evil fate
Made me an inmate of the royal house,
And Roderick found in me, if not a heart
Like his,..for who was like the heroic Goth?...
One which at least felt his surpassing worth,
And loved him for himself.... A little yet
Bear with me, reverend Father, for I touch
Upon the point, and this long prologue goes,
As justice bids, to palliate his offence,
Not mine. The passion, which I fondly thought
Such as fond sisters for a brother feel,
Grew day by day, and strengthened in its growth,
Till the beloved presence was become

Needful as food or necessary sleep,
My hope, light, sunshine, life, and every thing.
Thus lapt in dreams of bliss, I might have lived
Contented with this pure idolatry,
Had he been happy: but I saw and knew
The inward discontent and household griefs
Which he subdued in silence; and, alas!
Pity with admiration mingling then,
Alloyed and lowered and humanized my love,
Till to the level of my lowliness
It brought him down; and in this treacherous heart
Too often the repining thought arose,
That if Florinda had been Roderick's Queen,
Then might domestic peace and happiness
Have blest his home and crowned our wedded loves.
Too often did that sinful thought recur,
Too feebly the temptation was repelled.

See, Father, I have probed my inmost soul;
Have searched to its remotest source the sin;
And tracing it through all its specious forms
Of fair disguisement, I present it now,
Even as it lies before the eye of God,

Bare and exposed, convicted and condemned.
One eve, as in the bowers which overhang
The glen where Tagus rolls between his rocks
I roamed alone, alone I met the King.
His countenance was troubled, and his speech
Like that of one whose tongue to light discourse
At fits constrained, betrays a heart disturbed:
I too, albeit unconscious of his thoughts,
With anxious looks revealed what wandering words
In vain essayed to hide. A little while
Did this oppressive intercourse endure,
Till our eyes met in silence, each to each
Telling their mutual tale, then consciously
Together fell abashed. He took my hand
And said, Florinda, would that thou and I
Earlier had met! oh what a blissful lot
Had then been mine, who might have found in thee
The sweet companion and the friend endeared,
A fruitful wife and crown of earthly joys!
Thou too shouldst then have been of womankind
Happiest, as now the loveliest... And with that,
First giving way to passion first disclosed,
He prest upon my lips a guilty kiss,..

Alas! more guilty received than given.
Passive and yielding, and yet self-reproached,
Trembling I stood, upheld in his embrace;
When coming steps were heard, and Roderick said,
Meet me to-morrow, I beseech thee, here,
Queen of my heart! Oh meet me here again,
My own Florinda, meet me here again!..
Tongue, eye, and pressure of the impassioned hand
Solicited and urged the ardent suit,
And from my hesitating hurried lips
The word of promise fatally was drawn.
O Roderick, Roderick! hadst thou told me all
Thy purpose at that hour, from what a world
Of woe had thou and I.... The bitterness
Of that reflection overçame her then,
And choaked her speech. But Roderick sate the while
Covering his face with both his hands close-prest,
His head bowed down, his spirit to such point
Of sufferance knit, as one who patiently
Awaits the uplifted sword.
Till now, said she,
Resuming her confession, I had lived,

If not in innocence, yet self-deceived,
And of my perilous and sinful state
Unconscious. But this fatal hour revealed
To my awakening soul her guilt and shame;
And in those agonies with which remorse,
Wrestling with weakness and with cherished sin,
Doth triumph o'er the lacerated heart,
That night.. that miserable night.. I vowed,
A virgin dedicate, to pass my life
Immured; and, like redeemëd Magdalen,
Or that Egyptian penitent, whose tears
Fretted the rock and moistened round her cave
The thirsty desert, so to mourn my fall.
The struggle ending thus, the victory
Thus, as I thought, accomplished, I believed
My soul was calm, and that the peace of Heaven
Descended to accept and bless my vow;
And in this faith, prepared to consummate
The sacrifice, I went to meet the King.
See, Father, what a snare had Satan laid!
For Roderick came to tell me that the Church
From his unfruitful bed would set him free,
And I should be his Queen.

O let me close
The dreadful tale! I told him of my vow;
And from sincere and scrupulous piety,
But more, I fear me, in that desperate mood
Of obstinate will perverse, the which, with pride
And shame and self reproach, doth sometimes make
A woman's tongue, her own worst enemy,
Run counter to her dearest heart's desire, . .
In that unhappy mood did I resist
All his most earnest prayers to let the power
Of holy Church, never more rightfully
Invoked, he said, than now in our behalf,
Release us from our fatal bonds. He urged
With kindly warmth his suit, like one whose life
Hung on the issue: I dissembled not
My cruel self-reproaches, nor my grief,
Yet desperately maintained the rash resolve;
Till in the passionate argument he grew
Incensed, inflamed, and maddened or possessed, . .
For Hell too surely at that hour prevailed,
And with such subtile toils enveloped him,
That even in the extremity of guilt

No guilt he purported, but rather meant
An amplest recompence of life-long love
For transitory wrong, which fate perverse,
Thus madly he deceived himself, compelled,
And therefore stern necessity excused.
Here then, O Father, at thy feet I own
Myself the guiltier; for full well I knew
These were his thoughts, but vengeance mastered me,
And in my agony I curst the man
Whom I loved best.

Dost thou recall that curse?
Cried Roderick, in a deep and inward voice,
Still with his head depressed, and covering still
His countenance. Recall it? she exclaimed;
Father, I come to thee because I gave
The reins to wrath too long, .. because I wrought
His ruin, death, and infamy. .. O God,
Forgive the wicked vengeance thus indulged,
As I forgive the King! ... But teach me thou
What reparation more than tears and prayers
May now be made; .. how shall I vindicate
His injured name, and take upon myself. ....

Daughter of Julian, firmly he replied,
Speak not of that, I charge thee! On his fame
The Ethiop dye, fixed ineffaceably,
For ever will abide; so it must be,
So should be: 'tis his rightful punishment;
And if to the full measure of his fault
The punishment hath fallen, the more our hope
That through the blood of Jesus he may find
His sins forgiven him.
Pausing then, he raised
His hand, and pointed where Siverian lay
Stretched on the heath. To that old man, said he,
And to the mother of the unhappy Goth,
Tell, if it please thee, not what thou hast poured
Into my secret ear, but that the child
For whom they mourn with anguish unallayed,
Sinned not from vicious will, or heart corrupt,
But fell by fatal circumstance betrayed.
And if in charity to them thou sayest
Something to palliate, something to excuse
An act of sudden frenzy when the fiend
O'ercame him, thou wilt do for Roderick

All he could ask thee, all that can be done
On earth, and all his spirit could endure.

Venturing towards her an imploring look,
Wilt thou join with me for his soul in prayer?
He said, and trembled as he spake. That voice
Of sympathy was like Heaven's influence,
Wounding at once and comforting the soul.
O Father, Christ requite thee! she exclaimed;
Thou hast set free the springs which withering griefs
Have closed too long. Forgive me, for I thought
Thou wert a rigid and unpitying judge;
One whose stern virtue, feeling in itself
No flaw of frailty, heard impatiently
Of weakness and of guilt. I wronged thee Father!..
With that she took his hand, and kissing it,
Bathed it with tears. Then in a firmer speech,
For Roderick, for Count Julian and myself,
Three wretchedest of all the human race,
Who have destroyed each other and ourselves,
Mutually wronged and wronging let us pray!

XI.

Twelve weary days with unremitting speed,
Shunning frequented tracks, the travellers
Pursued their way; the mountain path they chose,
The forest or the lonely heath wide-spread,
Where cistus shrubs sole-seen exhaled at noon
Their fine balsamic odour all around:
Strewed with their blossoms, frail as beautiful,
The thirsty soil at eve; and when the sun
Relumed the gladdened earth, opening anew
Their stores exuberant, prodigal as frail,
Whitened again the wilderness. They left
The dark Sierra's skirts behind, and crost
The wilds where Ana in her native hills
Collects her sister springs, and hurries on
Her course melodious amid loveliest glens,
With forest and with fruitage overbowered.

These scenes profusely blest by Heaven they left,
Where o'er the hazel and the quince the vine
Wide-mantling spreads; and clinging round the cork
And ilex, hangs amid their dusky leaves
Garlands of brightest hue, with reddening fruit
Pendant, or clusters cool of glassy green.
So holding on o'er mountain and o'er vale,
Tagus they crost where midland on his way
The King of Rivers rolls his stately stream;
And rude Alverches wide and stony bed;
And Duero distant far; and many a stream
And many a field obscure, in future war
For bloody theatre of famous deeds
Foredoomed: and deserts where in years to come
Shall populous towns arise, and crested towers
And stately temples rear their heads on high.

Cautious with course circuitous they shunned
The embattled city, which in eldest time
Thrice-greatest Hermes built, so fables say,
Now subjugate, but fated to behold
Ere long the heroic Prince (who passing now
Unknown and silently the dangerous track,

Turns thither his regardant eye) come down
Victorious from the heights, and bear abroad
Her banner'd Lion, symbol to the Moor
Of rout and death through many an age of blood.
Lo, there the Asturian hills! Far in the west,
Huge Rabanal and Foncebadon huge,
Pre-eminent, their giant bulk display,
Darkening with earliest shade the distant vales
Of Leon, and with evening premature.
Far in Cantabria eastward, the long line
Extends beyond the reach of eagle's eye,
When buoyant in mid-heaven the bird of Jove
Soars at his loftiest pitch. In the north, before
The travellers the Erbasian mountains rise,
Bounding the land beloved, their native land.

How then, Alphonso, did thy eager soul
Chide the slow hours, and painful way, which seemed
Lengthening to grow before their lagging pace!
Youth of heroic thought and high desire,
'Tis not the spur of lofty enterprize
That with unequal throbbing hurries now
The unquiet heart, now makes it sink dismayed;

'Tis not impatient joy which thus disturbs
In that young breast the healthful spring of life:
Joy and ambition have forsaken him,
His soul is sick with hope. So near his home,
So near his mother's arms:.. alas! perchance
The longed-for meeting may be yet far off
As earth from heaven. Sorrow in these long months
Of separation may have laid her low;
Or what if at his flight the bloody Moor
Hath sent his ministers of slaughter forth,
And he himself should thus have brought the sword
Upon his father's head?.. Sure Hoya too
The same dark presage feels, the fearful boy
Said in himself; or wherefore is his brow
Thus overcast with heaviness, and why
Looks he thus anxiously in silence round?

Just then that faithful servant raised his hand,
And turning to Alphonso with a smile,
He pointed where Count Pedro's towers far off
Peered in the dell below: faint was the smile,
And while it sate upon his lips, his eye
Retained its troubled speculation still.

For long had he looked wistfully in vain,
Seeking where far or near he might espy
From whom to learn if time or chance had wrought
Change in his master's house: but on the hills
Nor goat-herd could he see, nor traveller,
Nor huntsman early at his sports afield,
Nor angler following up the mountain glen
His lonely pastime; neither could he hear
Carol, or pipe, or shout of shepherd's boy,
Nor woodman's axe, for not a human sound
Disturbed the silence of the solitude.

Is it the spoiler's work? At yonder door
Behold the favourite kidling bleats unheard;
The next stands open, and the sparrows there
Boldly pass in and out. Thither he turned
To seek what indications were within:
The chesnut-bread was on the shelf; the churn,
As if in haste forsaken, full and fresh;
The recent fire had mouldered on the hearth;
And broken cobwebs marked the whiter space
Where from the wall the buckler and the sword
Had late been taken down. Wonder at first

Had mitigated fear, but Hoya now
Returned to tell the symbols of good hope,
And they pricked forward joyfully. Ere long
Perceptible above the ceaseless sound
Of yonder stream, a voice of multitudes,
As if in loud acclaim, was heard far off;
And nearer as they drew, distincter shouts
Came from the dell, and at Count Pedro's gate
The human swarm were seen, . . a motly group,
Maids, mothers, helpless infancy, weak age,
And wondering children and tumultuous boys,
Hot youth and resolute manhood gathered there
In uproar all. Anon the moving mass
Falls in half circle back; a general cry
Bursts forth, exultant arms are lifted up,
And caps are thrown aloft, as through the gate
Count Pedro's banner came. Alphonso shrieked
For joy, and smote his steed and galloped on.

Fronting the gate the standard-bearer holds
His precious charge. Behind the men divide
In ordered files; green boyhood presses there,
And waning eld, pleading a youthful soul,

Intreats admission. All is ardour here,
Hope and brave purposes and minds resolved
Nor where the weaker sex is left apart
Doth aught of fear find utterance, though perchance
Some paler cheeks might there be seen, some eyes
Big with sad bodings, and some natural tears.
Count Pedro's war-horse in the vacant space
Strikes with impatient hoof the trodden turf,
And gazing round upon the martial show,
Proud of his stately trappings, flings his head,
And snorts and champs the bit, and neighing shrill
Wakes the near echo with his voice of joy.
The page beside him holds his master's spear
And shield and helmet. In the castle gate
Count Pedro stands, his countenance resolved
But mournful, for Favinia on his arm
Hung, passionate with her fears, and drew him back.
Go not, she cried, with this deluded crew!
She hath not, Pedro, with her frantic words
Bereft thy faculty, . . she is crazed with grief,
And her delirium hath infected these:
But, Pedro, thou art calm; thou dost not share
The madness of the crowd; thy sober mind

Surveys the danger in its whole extent,
And sees the certain ruin, . . for thou knowest
I know thou hast no hope. Unhappy man,
Why then for this most desperate enterprize
Wilt thou devote thy son, thine only child?
Not for myself I plead, nor even for thee;
Thou art a soldier, and thou canst not fear
The face of death; and I should welcome it
As the best visitant whom Heaven could send.
Not for our lives I speak then, . . were they worth
The thought of preservation; . . Nature soon
Must call for them; the sword that should cut short
Sorrow's slow work were merciful to us.
But spare Alphonso! there is time and hope
In store for him. O thou who gavest him life,
Seal not his death, his death and mine at once!

Peace! he replied: thou knowest there is no choice,
I did not raise the storm; I cannot turn
Its course aside; but where yon banner goes
Thy Lord must not be absent! Spare me then,
Favinia, lest I hear thy honoured name
Now first attainted with deserved reproach.

The boy is in God's hands. He who of yore
Walked with the sons of Judah in the fire,
And from the lion's den drew Daniel forth
Unhurt, will save him, . . if it be his will.

Just as he spake the astonished troop set up
A shout of joy which rung through all the hills.
Alphonso heeds not how they break their ranks
And gather round to greet him; from his horse
Precipitate and panting off he springs.
Pedro grew pale, and trembled at his sight;
Favinia claspt her hands, and looking up
To Heaven as she embraced the boy, exclaimed,
Lord God, forgive me for my sinful fears!
Unworthy that I am, . . my son, my son!

XII.

Always I know thee for a generous foe,
Pelayo! said the Count; and in our time
Of enmity, thou too, I know, didst feel
The feud between us was but of the house,
Not of the heart. Brethren in arms henceforth
We stand or fall together: nor will I
Look to the event with one misgiving thought, . .
That were to prove myself unworthy now
Of Heaven's benignant providence, this hour,
Scarcely by less than miracle, vouchsafed.
I will believe that we have days in store
Of hope, now risen again as from the dead, .
Of vengeance, . . of portentous victory, . .
Yea, maugre all unlikelihoods, of peace.
Let us then here indissolubly knit
Our ancient houses, that those happy days,

When they arrive, may find us more than friends,
And bound by closer than fraternal ties.
Thou hast a daughter, Prince, to whom my heart
Yearns now, as if in winning infancy
Her smiles had been its daily food of love
I need not tell thee what Alphonso is, . .
Thou knowest the boy!
Already had that hope,
Replied Pelayo, risen within my soul.
O Thou, who in thy mercy from the house
Of Moorish bondage hast delivered us,
Fulfil the pious purposes for which
Here, in thy presence, thus we pledge our hands!

Strange hour to plight espousals! yielding half
To superstitious thoughts, Favinia cried,
And these strange witnesses! .. The times are strange,
With thoughtful speech composed her Lord replies,
And what thou seest accords with them. This day
Is wonderful; nor could auspicious Heaven
With fairer or with fitter omen gild
Our enterprize, when strong in heart and hope
We take the field, preparing thus for works

Of piety and love. Unwillingly
I yielded to my people's general voice,
Thinking that she who with her powerful words
To this excess had roused and kindled them,
Spake from the spirit of her griefs alone,
Not with prophetic impulse. Be that sin
Forgiven me! and the calm and quiet faith
Which, in the place of incredulity,
Hath filled me, now that seeing I believe,
Doth give of happy end to righteous cause
A presage, not presumptuous, but assured.

Then Pedro told Pelayo how from vale
To vale the exalted Adosinda went,
Exciting sire and son, in holy war
Conquering or dying, to secure their place
In Paradise: and how reluctantly,
And mourning for his child by his own act
Thus doomed to death, he bade with heavy heart
His banner be brought forth. Devoid alike
Of purpose and of hope himself, he meant
To march toward the western Mountaineers,
Where Odoar by his counsel might direct

Their force conjoined. Now, said he, we must haste
To Cangas, there, Pelayo, to secure,
With timely speed, I trust in God, thy house.

Then looking to his men, he cried, Bring forth
The armour which in Wambar's wars I wore...
Alphonso's heart leapt at the auspicious words.
Count Pedro marked the rising glow of joy,..
Doubly to thee, Alphonso, he pursued,
This day above all other days is blest,
From whence as from a birth-day thou wilt date
Thy life in arms!
Rejoicing in their task,
The servants of the house with emulous love
Dispute the charge. One brings the cuirass, one
The buckler; this exultingly displays
The sword, his comrade lifts the helm on high:
The greaves, the gauntlets they divide; a spur
Seems now to dignify the officious hand
Which for such service bears it to his Lord.
Greek artists in the imperial city forged
That splendid armour, perfect in their craft;
With curious skill they wrought it, framed alike

To shine amid the pageantry of war,
And for the proof of battle. Many a time
Alphonso from his nurse's lap had stretched
His infant hands toward it eagerly,
Where gleaming to the central fire it hung
High in the hall; and many a time had wished
With boyish ardour, that the day were come
When Pedro to his prayers would grant the boon,
His dearest heart's desire. Count Pedro then
Would smile, and in his heart rejoice to see
The noble instinct manifest itself.
Then too Favinia with maternal pride
Would turn her eyes exulting to her Lord,
And in that silent language bid him mark
His spirit in his boy; all danger then
Was distant, and if secret forethought faint
Of manhood's perils, and the chance of war,
Hateful to mothers, past across her mind,
The ill remote gave to the present hour
A heightened feeling of secure delight.

No season this for old solemnities,
For wassailry and sport; . . the bath, the bed,

The vigil, .. all preparatory rites
Omitted now, .. here in the face of Heaven,
Before the vassals of his father's house,
With them in instant peril to partake
The chance of life or death, the heroic boy
Dons his first arms; the coated scales of steel
Which o'er the tunic to his knees depend,
The hose, the sleeves of mail; bareheaded then
He stood. But when Count Pedro took the spurs
And bent his knee in service to his son,
Alphonso from that gesture half drew back,
Starting in reverence, and a deeper hue
Spread o'er the glow of joy which flushed his cheeks.
Do thou the rest, Pelayo! said the Count;
So shall the ceremony of this hour
Exceed in honour what in form it lacks.
The Prince from Hoya's faithful hand received
The sword; he girt it round the youth, and drew
And placed it in his hand; unsheathing then
His own good falchion, with its burnished blade
He touched Alphonso's neck, and with a kiss
Gave him his rank in arms.

Thus long the crowd
Had looked intently on, in silence hushed;
Loud and continuous now with one accord,
Shout following shout, their acclamations rose:
Blessings were breathed from every heart, and joy,
Powerful alike in all, which as with force
Of an inebriating cup inspired
The youthful, from the eye of age drew tears.
The uproar died away, when, standing forth,
Roderick with lifted hand besought a pause
For speech, and moved toward the youth. I too,
Young Baron, he began, must do my part;
Not with prerogative of earthly power,
But as the servant of the living God,
The God of Hosts. This day thou promisest
To die when honour calls thee, for thy faith,
For thy liege Lord, and for thy native land:
The duties which at birth we all contract,
Are by the high profession of this hour
Made thine especially. Thy noble blood,
The thoughts with which thy childhood hath been fed,
And thine own noble nature more than all,
Are sureties for thee. But these dreadful times

Demand a farther pledge; for it hath pleased
The Highest, as he tried his saints of old,
So in the fiery furnace of his wrath
To prove and purify the sons of Spain;
And they must knit their spirits to the proof,
Or sink, for ever lost. Hold forth thy sword,
Young Baron, and before thy people take
The vow which, in Toledo's sacred name,
Poor as these weeds bespeak me, I am here
To minister with delegated power.

With reverential awe was Roderick heard
By all, so well authority became
That mien and voice and countenance austere.
Pelayo with complacent eye beheld
The unlooked-for interposal, and the Count
Bends toward Alphonso his approving head.
The youth obedient loosened from his belt
The sword, and looking, while his heart beat fast,
To Roderick, reverently expectant stood.

O noble youth, the Royal Goth pursued,
Thy country is in bonds: an impious foe

Oppresses her: he brings with him strange laws,
Strange language, evil customs, and false faith,
And forces them on Spain. Swear that thy soul
Will make no covenant with these accurst,
But that the sword shall be from this day forth
Thy children's portion, to be handed down
From sire to son, a sacred heritage,
Through every generation, till the work
Be done, and this insulted land hath drunk,
In sacrifice, the last invader's blood!

Bear witness, ancient mountains! cried the youth,
And ye, my native streams, who hold your course,
For ever;.. this dear earth, and yonder sky,
Be witness! for myself I make the vow,
And for my children's children. Here I stand
Their sponsor, binding them in sight of Heaven,
As by a new baptismal sacrament,
To wage hereditary, holy war,
Perpetual, patient, persevering war,
Till not one living enemy pollute
The sacred soil of Spain.

So as he ceased,
While yet toward the clear blue firmament
His eyes were raised, he lifted to his lips
The sword, with reverent gesture bending then
Devoutly kissed its cross.
And ye! exclaimed
Roderick, as turning to the assembled troop
He motioned with authoritative hand, . .
Ye children of the hills and sons of Spain!

Through every heart the rapid feeling ran, . .
For us! they answered all with one accord,
And at the word they knelt. People and Prince,
The young and old, the father and the son,
At once they knelt; with one accord they cried,
For us, and for our seed! with one accord
They crost their fervent arms, and with bent head
Inclined toward that awful voice from whence
The inspiring impulse came. The Royal Goth
Made answer, I receive your vow for Spain
And for the Lord of Hosts: your cause is good,
Go forward in his spirit and his strength.

Ne'er in his happiest hours had Roderick
With such commanding majesty dispensed
His princely gifts, as dignified him now,
When with slow movement, solemnly upraised,
Toward the kneeling troop he spread his arms,
As if the expanded soul diffused itself,
And carried to all spirits with the act
Its effluent inspiration. Silently
The people knelt, and when they rose, such awe
Held them in silence, that the eagle's cry,
Who far above them, at her highest flight
A speck scarce visible, wheeled round and round,
Was heard distinctly; and the mountain stream,
Which from the distant glen sent forth its sound
Wafted upon the wind, was audible
In that deep hush of feeling, like the voice
Of waters in the stillness of the night.

XIII.

THAT awful silence still endured, when one,
Who to the northern entrance of the vale
Had turned his casual eye, exclaimed, The Moors!..
For from the forest verge a troop were seen
Hastening toward Pedro's hall. Their forward speed
Was checked when they beheld his banner spread,
And saw his ordered spears in prompt array
Marshalled to meet their coming. But the pride
Of power and insolence of long command
Pricked on their Chief presumptuous: We are come
Late for prevention, cried the haughty Moor,
But never time more fit for punishment!
These unbelieving slaves must feel and know
Their master's arm!..on, faithful Musslemen,
On..on,..and hew down the rebellious dogs!..
Then as he spurred his steed, Allah is great!

Mahommed is his prophet! he exclaimed,
And led the charge.
Count Pedro met the Chief
In full career; he bore him from his horse
A full spear's length upon the lance transfixed;
Then leaving in his breast the mortal shaft,
Past on, and breaking through the turban'd files
Opened a path. Pelayo, who that day
Fought in the ranks afoot, for other war
Yet unequipped, pursued and smote the foe,
But ever on Alphonso at his side
Retained a watchful eye. The gallant boy
Gave his good sword that hour its earliest taste
Of Moorish blood,.. that sword whose hungry edge,
Through the fair course of all his glorious life
From that auspicious day, was fed so well.
Cheap was the victory now for Spain atchieved;
For the first fervour of their zeal inspired
The Mountaineers,.. the presence of their Chiefs,
The sight of all dear objects, all dear ties,
The air they breathed, the soil whereon they trod,
Duty, devotion, faith, and hope and joy.
And little had the misbelievers weened

In such impetuous onset to receive
A greeting deadly as their own intent;
Victims they thought to find, not men prepared
And eager for the fight; their confidence
Therefore gave way to wonder, and dismay
Effected what astonishment began.
Scattered before the impetuous Mountaineers,
Buckler and spear and scymitar they dropt,
As in precipitate route they fled before
The Asturian sword: the vales and hills and rocks
Received their blood, and where they fell the wolves
At evening found them.

From the fight apart
Two Africans had stood, who held in charge
Count Eudon. When they saw their countrymen
Falter, give way, and fly before the foe,
One turned toward him with malignant rage,
And saying, Infidel! thou shalt not live
To join their triumph! aimed against his neck
The moony falchion's point. His comrade raised
A hasty hand and turned its edge aside,
Yet so that o'er the shoulder glancing down
It scarred him as it past. The murderous Moor,

Not tarrying to secure his vengeance, fled;
While he of milder mood, at Eudon's feet
Fell and embraced his knees. The conqueror
Who found them thus, withheld at Eudon's voice
His wrathful hand, and led them to his Lord.

Count Pedro and Alphonso and the Prince
Stood on a little rocky eminence
Which overlooked the vale. Pedro had put
His helmet off, and with sonorous horn
Blew the recall; for well he knew what thoughts,
Calm as the Prince appeared and undisturbed,
Lay underneath his silent fortitude;
And how at this eventful juncture speed
Imported more than vengeance. Thrice he sent
The long-resounding signal forth, which rung
From hill to hill, re-echoing far and wide.
Slow and unwillingly his men obeyed
The swelling horn's reiterated call;
Repining that a single foe escaped
The retribution of that righteous hour.
With lingering step reluctant from the chase
They turned,..their veins full-swoln, their sinews strung

For battle still, their hearts unsatisfied;
Their swords were dropping still with Moorish gore,
And where they wiped their reeking brows, the stain
Of Moorish blood was left. But when they came
Where Pedro, with Alphonso at his side,
Stood to behold their coming, then they prest
All emulous, with gratulation round,
Extolling for his deeds that day displayed
The noble boy. Oh! when had Heaven, they said,
With such especial favour manifest
Illustrated a first essay in arms!
They blest the father from whose loins he sprung,
The mother at whose happy breast he fed;
And prayed that their young hero's fields might be
Many, and all like this.
Thus they indulged
The honest heart, exuberant of love,
When that loquacious joy at once was checked,
For Eudon and the Moor were led before
Count Pedro. Both came fearfully and pale,
But with a different fear: The African
Felt at this crisis of his destiny
Such apprehension as without reproach

Might blanch a soldier's cheek, when life and death
Hang on another's will, and helplessly
He must abide the issue. But the thoughts
Which quailed Count Eudon's heart, and made his limbs
Quiver, were of his own unworthiness,
Old enmity, and that he stood in power
Of hated and hereditary foes.
I came not with them willingly! he cried,
Addressing Pedro and the Prince at once,
Rolling from each to each his restless eyes
Aghast, . . the Moor can tell I had no choice;
They forced me from my castle: . . in the fight
They would have slain me: . . see I bleed! The Moor
Can witness that a Moorish scymitar
Inflicted this: . . he saved me from worse hurt: . .
I did not come in arms: . . he knows it all; . .
Speak; man, and let the truth be known to clear
My innocence:
Thus as he ceased, with fear
And rapid utterance panting open-mouthed,
Count Pedro half represt a mournful smile,
Wherein compassion seemed to mitigate
His deep contempt. Methinks, said he, the Moor

Might with more reason look himself to find
An intercessor, than be called upon
To play the pleader's part. Didst thou then save
The Baron from thy comrades?
Let my Lord
Show mercy to me, said the Musselman,
As I am free from falsehood. We were left,
I and another, holding him in charge;
My fellow would have slain him when he saw
How the fight fared: I turned the scymitar
Aside, and trust that life will be the meed
For life by me preserved.
Nor shall thy trust,
Rejoined the Count, be vain. Say farther now,
From whence ye came, .. your orders what: .. what force
In Gegio, and if others like yourselves
Are in the field?
The African replied,
We came from Gegio, ordered to secure
This Baron on the way, and seek thee here
To bear thee hence in bonds. A messenger
From Cordoba, whose speed denoted well

He came with urgent tidings, was the cause
Of this our sudden movement. We went forth
Three hundred men; an equal force was sent
For Cangas, on like errand as I ween.
Four hundred in the city then were left.
If other force be moving from the south,
I know not, save that all appearances
Denote alarm and vigilance.

The Prince
Fixed upon Eudon then his eye severe;
Baron, he said, the die of war is cast;
What part art thou prepared to take? against,
Or with the oppressor?

Not against my friends, . .
Not against you! . . the irresolute wretch replied,
Hasty, yet faltering in his fearful speech:
But . . have ye weighed it well? . . It is not yet
Too late, . . their numbers, . . their victorious force,
Which hath already trodden in the dust
The sceptre of the Goths: . . the throne destroyed, . .
Our towns subdued, . . our country overrun, . .
The people to the yoke of their new Lords
Resigned in peace. . . Can I not meditate? . .

Were it not better through my agency
To gain such terms, . . such honourable terms. . . .

Terms ! cried Pelayo, cutting short at once
That dastard speech, and checking, ere it grew
Too powerful for restraint, the incipient rage,
Which in indignant murmurs breathing round,
Rose like a gathering storm. Learn thou what terms
Asturias, this day speaking by my voice,
Doth constitute to be the law between
Thee and thy country. Our portentous age,
As with an earthquake's desolating force,
Hath loosened and disjointed the whole frame
Of social order, and she calls not now
For service with the voice of sovereign will.
That which was common duty in old times,
Becomes an arduous, glorious virtue now;
And every one, as between Hell and Heaven,
In free election must be left to chuse.
Asturias asks not of thee to partake
The cup which we have pledged; she claims from non
The dauntless fortitude, the mind resolved,
Which only God can give; .. therefore such peace
As thou canst find where all around is war,

She leaves thee to enjoy. But think not, Count,
That because thou art weak, one valiant arm,
One generous spirit must be lost to Spain!
The vassal owes no service to the Lord
Who to his country doth acknowledge none.
The summons which thou hast not heart to give,
I and Count Pedro over thy domains
Will send abroad; the vassals who were thine
Will fight beneath our banners, and our wants
Shall from thy lands, as from a patrimony
Which hath reverted to the common stock,
Be fed: such tribute, too, as to the Moors
Thou renderest, we will take: It is the price
Which in this land for weakness must be paid
While evil stars prevail. And mark me, Chief!
Fear is a treacherous counsellor! I know
Thou thinkëst that beneath his horses's hoofs
The Moor will trample our poor numbers down.
But join not, in contempt of us and Heaven,
His multitudes! for if thou shouldst be found
Against thy country, on the nearest tree
Thy recreant bones shall rattle in the wind,
When the crows have left them bare.

As thus he spake,
Count Eudon heard and trembled: every joint
Was loosened, every fibre of his flesh
Thrilled, and from every pore effused, cold sweat
Clung on his quivering limbs. Shame forced it forth,
Envy and inward consciousness, and fear
Predominant, which stifled in his heart
Hatred and rage. Before his livid lips
Could shape to utterance their essayed reply,
Compassionately Pedro interposed.
Go, Baron, to the castle, said the Count;
There let thy wound be looked to, and consult
Thy better mind at leisure. Let this Moor
Attend upon thee there, and when thou wilt,
Follow thy fortunes.....To Pelayo then
He turned, and saying, All-too-long, O Prince,
Hath this unlooked-for conflict held thee here,..
He bade his gallant men begin their march.

Flushed with success, and in auspicious hour,
The mountaineers set forth. Blessings and prayers
Pursued them at their parting, and the tears
Which fell were tears of fervour, not of grief.
The sun was verging to the western slope

Of Heaven, but they till midnight travelled on;
Renewing then at early dawn their way,
They held their unremitting course from morn
Till latest eve, such urgent cause impelled;
And night had closed around, when to the vale
Where Sella in her ampler bed receives
Pionia's stream they came. Massive and black
Pelayo's castle there was seen; its lines
And battlements against the deep blue sky
Distinct in solid darkness visible.
No light is in the tower. Eager to know
The worst, and with that fatal certainty
To terminate intolerable dread,
He spurred his courser forward. All his fears
Too surely are fulfilled, . . for open stand
The doors, and mournfully at times a dog
Fills with his howling the deserted hall.
A moment overcome with wretchedness,
Silent Pelayo stood! recovering then,
Lord God, resigned he cried, thy will be done!

NOTES.

NOTES.

Count Julian called the invaders. — I. p. 1.

The story of Count Julian and his daughter has been treated as a fable by some authors, because it is not mentioned by the three writers who lived nearest the time. But those writers state the mere fact of the conquest of Spain as briefly as possible, without entering into particulars of any kind; and the best Spanish historians and antiquaries are persuaded that there is no cause for disbelieving the uniform and concurrent tradition of both Moors and Christians.

For the purposes of poetry, it is immaterial whether the story be true or false. I have represented the Count as a man both sinned against and sinning, and equally to be commiserated and condemned. The author of the Tragedy of Count Julian has contemplated his character in a grander point of view, and represented him as a man self-justified in bringing an army of foreign auxiliaries to assist him in delivering his country from a tyrant, and

foreseeing, when it is too late to recede, the evils which h
is thus bringing upon her.

> Not victory that o'ershadows him, sees he!
> No airy and light passion stirs abroad
> To ruffle or to sooth him; all are quell'd
> Beneath a mightier, sterner stress of mind;
> Wakeful he sits, and lonely and unmoved,
> Beyond the arrows, views, or shouts of men:
> As oftentimes an eagle, when the sun
> Throws o'er the varying earth his early ray,
> Stands solitary, stands immoveable
> Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eye,
> Clear, constant, unobservant, unabased,
> In the cold light, above the dews of morn.
>
> *Act 5. Scene*

Parts of this tragedy are as fine in their kind as
thing which can be found in the whole compass of Eng
poetry.

Juan de Mena places Count Julian with Orpas, the
negado Archbishop of Seville, in the deepest pit of hell

> *No buenamente te puedo callar*
> *Orpas maldito ni a ti Julian,*

Pues soys en el valle mas hondo de afan,
Que no se redime jamas por llorar:
Qual ya crueza vos pudo indignar
A vender en un dia las tierras y leyes
De Espana, las quales pujanca de reyes
En anos a tantos no pudo cobrar.

Copla 91.

A Portugueze poet, Audre da Sylva Mascarenhas, is more indulgent to the Count, and seems to consider it as a mark of degeneracy in his own times, that the same crime would no longer provoke the same vengeance. His catalogue of women who have become famous by the evil of which they have been the occasion, begins with Eve, and ends with Anne Boleyn.

Louvar se pode ao Conde o sentimento
Da offensa da sua honestidade,
Se o nam vituperara co cruento
Disbarate da Hispana Christandade;
Se hoje ouvera stupros cento e cento
Nesta nossa infeliz lasciva idade,
Non se perdera nam a forte Espanha,
Que o crime frequentado nam se estranha.
Pormulheres porem se tem perdido

Muitos reynos da outra e desta vida;
Por Eva se perdeo o Ceo sobido,
Por Heleni a Asia esclarecida;
Por Cleopatra o Egypto foi vencido,
Assiria por Semiramis perdida,
Por Cava se perdeo a forte Espanha
E por Anna Bolena a Gram Bretanha.

Destruicam de Espanha, p. 9.

Inhuman priests with unoffending blood
Had stained their country.—I. p. 1.

Never has any country been so cursed by the spirit of persecution as Spain. Under the Heathen Emperors it had its full share of suffering, and the first fatal precedent of appealing to the secular power to punish heresy with death, occurred in Spain. Then came the Arian controversy. There was as much bigotry, as much rancour, as little of the spirit of Christianity, and probably as much intolerance, on one part as on the other; but the successful party were better politicians, and more expert in the management of miracles.

Near to the city of Osen, or Ossel, there was a famous Athanasian church, and a more famous baptistery, which was in the form of a cross. On holy Thursday in every year, the bishop, the clergy, and the people assembled

there, saw that the baptistry was empty, and enjoyed a marvellous fragrance which differed from that of any, or all, flowers and spices, for it was an odour which came as the vesper of the divine virtue that was about to manifest itself: Then they fastened the doors of the church and sealed them. On Easter Eve the doors were opened, the baptistery was found full of water, and all the children born within the preceding twelve months were baptised. Theudisclo, an Arian king, set his seal also upon the doors for two successive years, and set a guard there. Still the miraculous baptistery was filled. The third year he suspected pipes, and ordered a trench to be dug round the building; but before the day of trial arrived, he was murdered, as opportunely as Arius himself. The trench was dry, but the workmen did not dig deep enough, and the miracle was continued. When the victory of the catholic party was complete, it was no longer necessary to keep it up. The same baptistery was employed to convince the Spaniards of their error in keeping Easter. In Brito's time, a few ruins called Oscla, were shown near the river Cambria; the broken baptistery was then called the Bath, and some wild superstitions which the peasantry related bore traces of the original legend. The trick was not uncommon; it was practised in Sici and in other places. The story, however, is of some v

lue, as showing that baptism was *administered only once a year, (except in cases of danger,) that immersion was the manner, and that infants were baptised.

Arianism seems to have lingered in Spain long after its defeat. The name Pelayo (Pelagius), and Arius, certainly appear to indicate a cherished heresy, and † Brito must have felt this when he deduced the former name from Saint Pelayo of the tenth century; for how came the saint by it, and how could Brito have forgotten the founder of the Spanish monarchy?

In the latter half of the eleventh century, the Count of Barcelona, Ramon Berenguer, *Cap de estopa*, as he was called, for his bushy head, made war upon some Christians who are said to have turned Arians, and took the castles into which they retired.‡ By the number of their

* In the seventeenth, and last council of Toledo, it was decreed that the baptistery should be shut up, and sealed with the episcopal seal, during the whole year, till Good Friday; on that day the bishop, in his pontificals, was to open it with great solemnity, in token that Christ, by his passion and resurrection, had opened the way to heaven for mankind, as on that day the hope was opened of obtaining redemption through the holy sacrament of baptism. — *Morales*, 12. 62. 3.

† Monarchia Lusitana, 2. 7. 19.

‡ Pere Tomich. c. 34. ff. 26.

castles, which he gave to those chiefs who assisted him in conquering them, they appear to have been numerous. It is not improbable that those people were really what they are called; for Arian has ever been, like Manichæan, a term ignorantly and indiscriminately given to heretics of all descriptions; and there is no heresy which would be so well understood in Spain, and so likely to have revived there.

The feelings of the triumphant party toward their opponents, are well marked by the manner in which St. Isidore speaks of the death of the Emperor Valens. *Thraciam ferro incendiisque depopulantur, deletoque Romanorum exercitu ipsum Valentem jaculo vulneratum, in quadam villa fugientem succenderunt, ut merito ipse ab eis vivus temporali cremaretur incendio, qui tam pulchras animas ignibus æternis * tradiderat.* If the truth of this opinion should be doubted, there is a good Athanasian miracle in the Chronicon† of S. Isidoro and of Melitus, to prove it. A certain Arian, by name Olympius, being in the bath, blasphemed the Holy Trinity, and, behold! being struck by an angel with three fiery darts, he was visibly consumed.

* Hist. Goth. apud Florez. Espana Sagrada, T. 6. 486.

† Espana Sagrada, T. 6. 474.

With regard to the Arians, the Catholics only did to the others as the others would have done with them; but the persecution of the Jews was equally unprovoked and inhuman. They are said to have betrayed many towns to the Moors; and it would be strange indeed if they had not, by every means in their power, assisted in overthrowing a government under which they were miserably oppressed. St. Isidore has a memorable passage relating to their cruel persecution and compulsory conversion under Sisebut. *Qui initio regni Judæos ad Fidem Christianam permovens æmulationem quidem habuit, sed non secundum scientiam: potestate enim compulit, quos provocare fidei ratione oportuit. Sed sicut est scriptum sive per occasionem sive per veritatem, Christus annuntiatur, in hoc gaudeo et gaudebo.* — S. Isidor. Christ. Goth. Espana Sagrada, 6. 502.

The Moorish conquest procured for them an interval of repose, till the Inquisition was established, and by its damnable acts put all former horrors out of remembrance. When Toledo was recovered from the Moors by Alonso VI., the Jews of that city waited upon the conqueror, and assured him that they were part of the ten tribes whom Nebuchadnezzar had transported into Spain; not the descendants of the Jerusalem Jews who had crucified Christ. Their ancestors, they said, were entirely

innocent of the crucifixion; for when Caiaphas the high-priest had written to the Toledan synagogues to ask their advice respecting the person who called himself the Messiah, and whether he should be slain, the Toledan Jews returned for answer, that in their judgment the prophecies seemed to be fulfilled in this person, and, therefore, he ought not by any means to be put to death. This reply they produced in the original Hebrew, and in Arabic, as it had been translated by command of King Galifre. Alonso gave ear to the story, had the letter rendered into Latin and Castilian, and deposited it among the archives of Toledo. The latter version is thus printed by Sandoval:—

Levi Archisinagogo, et Samuel, et Joseph, homes bonos del Aljama de Toledo, a Eleazar Muyd gran Sacerdote, e a Samuel Canud, y Anas, y Cayphas, homes bonos de la Aljama de la Terra Santa, Salud en el Dios de Israel.

Azarias voso home, Maeso en ley nos aduxo las cartas que vos nos embiavades, por las quales nos faziades saber cuemo passava la facienda del Propheta Nazaret, que diz que facie muchas sennas. Colo por esta vila non ha mucho, un cierto Samuel, fil de Amacias, et fablo nusco, et recon-

to muchas bondades deste home, que ye, que es home homildoso et manso, que fabla con los laçeriados, que faz a todos bien, e que faciendole a el mal, el non faz mal a ninguem; et que es home fuerte con superbos et homes malos, et que vos malamente teniades enemiga con ele, por quanto en faz el descubria vosos pecados, ca por quanto facia esto, le aviades mala voluntad. Et perquirimos deste home, en que anno, o mes o dia, avia nacido: et que nos lo dixesse: falamos que el dia de la sua Natividade foron vistos en estas partes tres soles muelle a muelle, fizieron soldemente un sol; et cuemo nosos padres cataron esta senna, asmados dixeron que cedo el Messias naceria, et que por aventura era ja nacido. Catad hermanos si por aventura ha ja venido et non le ayades acatado. Relataba tambien el susodicho home, que el suo pay le recontava, que ciertos Magos, homes de mucha sapiencia, en la sua Natividade legaron a tierra santa, perquiriendo logar donde e ninno sancto era nacido; y que Herodes voso Rey se asmo, et disposito junto a homes sabios de sua vila, e perquirio donde nasceria el Infante, por quien perquirian Magos, et le respondieron, en Betlem de Juda, segun que Micheas depergino profeto. Et que dixeron aqueles Magos, que una estrella de gran craredad, de luenne aduxo a tierra santa: catad non sea esta quela profezia, cataran Reyes, et andaran en craridad de la sua Nativi-

dade. Otro si, catad non persigades al que forades tenudos mucho honrar et recibir de bon talante. Mais fazed lo que tuvieres por bien aguisada; nos vos dezimos que nin por consejo, nin por noso alvedrio veniremos en consentimiento de la sua morte. Ca, si nos esto fiziessemos, logo seria nuesco, que la profezia que diz, congregaronse de consuno contra el Sennor, et contra el suo Messias. E damos vos este consejo, maguera sodes homes de muyta sapença, que tengades grande aficamento sobre tamana fazienda, porque el Dios de Israel enojado con vusco, non destruya casa segunda de voso segundo templo. Ca sepades cierto, cedo ha de ser destruyda; et por esta razon nosos antepassados, que salieron de captiverio de Babylonia, siendo suo Capitane Pyrro, que embio Rey Cyro, et aduxo nusco muytas requeças que tollo de Babylonia el anno de sesenta et nueve de captividade, et foron recebidos en Toledo de Gentiles que y moravan, et edificaron una grande Aljama, et non quisieron bolver a Jerusalem otra vegada a edificar Temple, aviendo ser destruido otra vegada. De Toledo catorze dias del mes Nisan, Era de Cesar diez y ocho, y de Augusto Octaviano setenta y uno. — Sandoval, 71.

Had Alonso been as zealous as some of his Gothic predecessors, or his most Catholic successors, he might have

found a fair pretext in this letter for ordering all the Jews of Toledo to the font, unless they would show cause why they should adhere to the opinion of Caiaphas and the Jerusalem Jews, rather than to that of their own ancestors.

General Vallancy believes that the Spanish Jews were brought into the Peninsula by Nebuchadnezzar, and admits these Toledans as authority. He quotes Count Gebelin, and refers to Strabo and Ezekiel. The proof from Ezekiel rests upon the word Orb, Earb, Warb, or Gharb; which is made into Algarve!

A Jew in Tirante el Blanco (p. 2. c. 74. f. 243.) explains the difference between the different races of Jews. They are three, he says. One the progeny of those who took counsel for the death of Christ; and they were known by this, that they were in continual motion, hands and feet, and never could rest; neither could their spirit ever be still, and they had very little shame. The second were the descendants of those who put in execution and assisted at the various parts of the sufferings and death of Christ, and they never could look any man in the face, nor could they, without great difficulty, ever look up to heaven. The third were the children of David, who did all they could to prevent the death of Christ, and shut themselves up in the temple that they might not witness

it. These are affable, good men, who love their neighbours; a quiet peaceable race, who can look any where.

Thomas Tomaio de Vargas, the editor of the spurious Luitprand, says, that not only many Hebrew words are mixed with the old Spanish, but that, *prô dolor!* the black and stinking Jewish blood had been mingled with the most pure blood of the Spaniards. (p. 96.) They were very anxious, he says, to intermarry, and spoil the pure blood. And he adds, that the Spaniards call them *putos*, quia *putant*. "But," says Sir Thomas Brown, "that an unsavoury odour is gentilitious, or national to the Jews, we cannot well concede. And if, (according to good relations,) where they may freely speak it, they forbear not to boast that there are at present many thousand Jews in Spain, France, and England, and some dispensed withal even to the degree of priesthood, it is a matter very considerable, and could they be smelled out, would much advantage not only the church of Christ, but also the coffers of princes.—The ground that begat or propagated this assertion might be the distasteful averseness of the Christian from the Jew upon the villainy of that fact, which made them abominable, and 'stink in the nostrils of all men.' Which real practice and metaphorical expression did after proceed into a literal construction; but was a fraudulent illation; for

such an evil savour their father Jacob acknowledged in himself, when he said his sons had made him stink in the land, that is, to be abominable unto the inhabitants thereof.—Another cause is urged by Campegius, and much received by Christians; that this ill savour is a curse derived upon them by Christ, and stands as a badge or brand of a generation that crucified their *Salvator*. But this is a conceit without all warrant, and an easy way to take off dispute in what point of obscurity soever."—*Vulgar Errors*, Book iv. ch. 10.

The Mahommedans also hold a like opinion of the unsavouriness of the Jews, and account for it by this legend which is given by Sale. "Some of the children of Israel abandoned their dwellings because of a pestilence, or, as others say, to avoid serving in a religious war; but as they fled, God struck them all dead in a certain valley. About eight days or more after, when their bodies were corrupted, the Prophet Ezekiel happening to pass that way, at the sight wept; whereupon God said to him, 'Call to them, O Ezekiel, and I will restore them to life.' And accordingly, on the prophet's call, they all arose, and lived several years after; but they retained the colour and stench of dead corpses as long as they lived, and the clothes they wore were changed as black as pitch, which qualities they transmitted to their posterity."

One of our own travellers * tells us of a curious practical application of this belief in Barbary. "The Moors of Tangier," he says, "when they want rain, and have prayed in vain for it, set the Jews to work, saying, that though God would not grant it to the prayers of the faithful, he would to the Jews, in order to be rid of their stink." Ludicrous as this is, South has a passage concerning the Jews, which is little more reasonable, in one of his sermons. "The truth is," he says, "they were all along a cross, odd, untoward sort of people, and such as God seems to have chosen, and (as the Prophets sometimes phrase it) to have espoused to himself, upon the very same account that Socrates espoused Xantippe, only for her extreme ill conditions, above all that he could possibly find or pick out of that sex: and so the fittest argument both to exercise and declare his admirable patience to the world."—Vol. i. 421.

A yoke
Of iron servitude oppressed and galled
The children of the soil.—I. p. 1.

Of the condition of slaves under the Spanish Wisigoths, I have given an account in the Introduction to the Chro-

* *Hist. of the Captivity of Thomas Pellow*, p. 257.

nicle of the Cid. This also, like the persecution of the Jews, must greatly have facilitated the Moorish conquest. Another facilitating cause was, that notwithstanding their frequent civil disturbances, they had in great measure ceased to be a warlike people. The many laws in the Fuero Iuzgo, for compelling men to military service, prove this. These laws are full of complaints that the people would avoid the service if they could. Habits of settled life seem throughout Europe to have effeminated the northern conquerors, till the Normans renovated the race, and the institutions of chivalry and the crusades produced a new era.

Thou, Calpë, sawest their coming: ancient Rock
Renowned, no longer now shalt thou be called,
From Gods and Heroes of the years of yore,
Kronos, or hundred-handed Briareus,
Bacchus or Hercules; but doomed to bear
The name of thy new conqueror.—I. p. 2.

Gibel-al-Tarif, the mountain of Tarif, is the received etymology of Gibraltar: Ben Hazel, a Granadan Moor, says expressly, that the mountain derived its name from this general. Its former appellations may be seen in the Historia de Gibraltar, by Don Ignacio Lopez de Ayala. The derivation of the word Calpe is not known:

Florian de Ocampo identifies it with the English word *galloping*, in a passage which will amuse the Spanish scholar. " *La segunda nombradia fue llamarle Calpe, cuya razon, segun dicen algunos, procedio de que los Andaluces ancianos en su lengua vieja solian llamar Calepas y Calpes a qualesquier cosas enhiestas y levantadas, agora fuesen penascos, o pizarras, o maderos, o piedras menores, como lo significamos en los diez y ocho capitulos precedentes: y dicen que con estar alli junto de Gibraltar sobre sus marinas el risco, que ya dixe muy encumbrado y enhiesto, qual hoy dia parece, lo llamaban Calpes aquellos Andaluces pasados: y por su respecto la mesma poblacion vino tambien a tener despues aquel proprio nombre. No faltan otras personas que siguiendo las Escrituras Griegas pongan esta razon del nombre Calpes mucho diversamente, diciendo, que quando los cosarios Argonautas desembarcaron en Espana, cerca del estrecho, segun ya lo declaramos, el tiempo que hacian sus exercicios arriba dichos, de saltos y luchas, y musicas acordadas, bien asi como los pastores Espanoles comarca nos recibian contentamientos grande, mirando las tales desenvolturas y ligerezas, no menos aquellos Griegos recien venidos notaban algunos juegos, dado que trabajosos y dificiles, que los mesmos pastores obraban entre si para su recreacion y deporte; particularmente consideraran un regocijo de caballos,*

donde ciertos dias aplazados venian todos a se juntar como para cosa de gran pundonor.

" *El qual regocijo hacian desta manera. Tomaban yeguas en pelo, quanto mas corredoras y ligeras podian haber, y puestos ellos encima desnudos sin alguna ropa, ataban en las quixadas barbicachos de rama, torcidos y majados a manera de freno, con que salian del puesto dos a dos a le par corriendo lo mas que sus yeguas podian, para llegar a cierta senal de pizarras enhiestas o de maderos hincados y levantados en fin de la carrera. Venidos al medio trecho de su corrida saltaban de las yeguas en tierra, no las parando ni deteniendo: y asi trabados por el barbicacho, corrian tambien ellos a pie, sin las dexar, puesto que mas furia llevasen: porque si las dexaban o se desprendian dellas, y no sustentaban el freno continuamente, hasta ser pasada la carrera, perdian la reputation y las apuestas, quedando tan amenguados y vencidos, quanto quedaria triunfante quien primero llegaso con su yegua para tomar la presa que tenian en el fin de la carrera sobre las pizarras o maderos hincados. Quando saltaban de sus yeguas, dicen que les iban hablando porque no se detuviesen, voceandoles y diciendoles a menudo palabras animosas y dulces: llamabanles pies hermosos, generosas en el correr, casta real, hembras preciosas, acrecentadoras de sus honras, y mas otras razones muchas con que las tenian veza-*

das, a no se parar ni perder el impetu comenzado: de manera que los tropeles en este punto, los pundonores y regocijos de correr, y de no mostrar floxedad era cosa mucho de notar, asi por la parte de los hombres, como por parte de las yeguas. A los Griegos Argonautas les parecio juego tan varonil que muchas veces lo probaron tambien ellos a revuelta de los Espanoles, como quiera que jamas pudieron tener aquella vigilancia ni ligereza, ni reciura que tenian estos otros para durar con sua yeguas. Y dano que las tales yeguas corriesen harto furiosas, y les ensenasen muchos dias antes a seguir estas parejas, quanto mejor entendian a la verdad, ni las de los unos, ni las de los otros corrian tanto despues que saltaban dellas, como quando los train encima: y asi las palabras que los Griegos en aquella saxon puestos a pie hablaban exan tambien al mesmo proposito conformes a las de los Andaluces Espanoles en su lengua provincial, nombrandolas Calopes, Calopes, Calopes a la continua, que fue palabra Griega, compuesta de dos vocablos: uno Calos, que significa cosa hermosa, ligera y agraciada: otro Pus, que quiere decir pie, como que las llamasen pies agraciados, o pies descenvueltos y ligeros: y por abreviar mas el vocablo, para que sus yeguas lo pudiesen mas presto sentir, acortabanlo con una letra menos en el medio, y en lugar de nombrarlas Calopes, les deciam Calpes, que significa lo mesmo Calopes: la qual palabra

me parece dura todavia hasta nuestro siglo presente, donde pocas letras mudadas, por decir Calopes o Calpes, lo pronunciamos Galopes, quando los caballos y yeguas, o qualesquier otros animales, no corren a todo poder sino trote largo seguido. Vino desto que las mesmas fiestas y manera del juego se nombraron Calpes: dado que para conmigo bastara saber la victoria deste juego consistir en ligereza de pies, y por eso solo deberse llamar Calopes a Calpe, sin anadir lo que hablaban a las yeguas, pues aquello primero comprehende bastantemente la razon deste vocablo. Pero si todavia fue cierto que les decian aquellas palabras quando corrian sus parejas, ninguna cosa dana dexarlas aqui puestas."—Coronica General de Espana, c. 38.

Famine and pestilence had wasted them.—I. p. 3.

In the reign of Egica, Witiza's father,—*plaga inguinalis immisericorditer illabitur.* (Isid. Pacensis.) And for two years before the Moorish invasion,—*habia habido continua hambre y pestilencia en Espana, con que se habian debilitádo mucho los cuerpos, sin lo que el ocio las habia emflaquecido.*—Morales, 12. 69. 5.

St. Isidore, in his History of the Goths, distinctly describes the Northern Lights among the signs that announced the wars of Attila. "*Multa eodem tempore cœli et terræ signa præcesserunt, quorum prodigiis tam cru-*

dele bellum significaretur. Nam, assiduis terræ motibus factis, a parte Orientis Luna fuscata est, a solis occasu stella cometes apparuit, atque ingenti magnitudine aliquandiu fulsit. Ab Aquilonis plaga cœlum rubens, sicut ignis aut sanguis, effectus est, permistis perigneum ruborem lineis clarioribus in speciem hastarum rutilantium deformatis. *Nec mirum, ut in tam ingenti cæsorum strage, divinitus tam multa signorum demonstraretur ostensio.*" — Espana Sagrada, T. vi. 491.

And, worst of enemies, their Sins were armed
Against them.—I. 3.

The following description of the state of the Christian world when the Saracens began their conquests, is taken from a singular manuscript, "wherein the history of the Cruisades and of all the Mahommedan emperors from A.D. 558, to A.D. 1588, is gathered out of the Chronikes of William Archbishop of Tyreus, the protoscribe of Palestine, of Basilius Jhohannes Heraldus, and sundry others, and reduced into a poem epike by Robert Barret, 1610." The author was an old soldier, whose language is a compound of Josuah Sylvester and King Cambyses, with a strong relish of Ancient Pistol.

Now in this sin-flood age not only in East
Did the impious imps the faithful persecute,

But like affliction them pursued in West,
And in all parts the good trod under foot,
For Faith in some was cold, from others fled;
And fear of God dislodged out human hearts;
Astrea flown to skies, and in her stead
Iniquity enthronized; in all parts
Violence had vogue, and on sathanized earth
Fraud, Mischief, Murder martialled the camp;
Sweet Virtue fled the field: Hope, out of breath;
And Vice, all-stainer, every soul did stamp;
So that it seem'd World drew to's evening tide,
Nought else expecting but Christ's second coming;
For Charity was cold on every side,
And Truth and Trust were gone from earth a-mumming.
All things confused ran, so that it seemed
The World return would to his chaos old:
Princes the path of justice not esteemed,
Headlong with prince ran people young and old.
All sainct confederations infringed,
And for light cause would prince with prince enquarrel;
Countries bestreamed with blood, with fire besinged,
All set to each, all murders sorts unbarrelled.
No wight his own could own; 'twas current coin
Each man to strip, provided he were rich.
The church sacriledged, choir made cot for swine,

And zealous ministers were made to scritche.
Robbing was made fair purchase, murder manhood,
And none secure by land ne sea could pass;
The humble heartless, ireful hearts ran wood,
Esteemed most who mischief most could dress
All lubrick lusts shamelese without comptroll
Ran full career; each would a rider be;
And Heaven's friend, all sainct Continency,
Was banished quite; Lasciviousness did roll,
Frugality, healthful Sobriety
No place could find: all parts enquartered were
With Bacchus-brutes and Satyres-luxury.
All lawless games bore sway, with blasphemes roare,
'Twixt Clerk and Laick difference was none,
Disguized all, phantastick out of norme;
But as the Prophet says, as Priests do run,
So run the people, peevish in disform.
The Bishops graded once, dumb dogs become,
Their heads sin vyncting, flocks abandon soon
Princes applauders, person-acceptors,
The good's debarrers and the bad's abetters;
Fleshly all, all filthy simonized,
Preferring profit 'fore the Eternal's praise.
The church enchismed, court all atheized,
The commons kankred, all all in distrayes,

The plotting politician's pate admired,
Their skill consisting in preventions scull,
Pathicks preferred, Cyprin ware desired,
Ocean of mischiefs flowing moon-tide full:
So that it seem'd that all flesh desperately
Like wolf-scared sheep were plunged headlong down
In pit of hell: puddled all pestfully
The court, church, commons, province, city, town;
All haggards; none reclaimed once could be,
Ne by the word, word 'bused by organs bad,
Ne yet by signs that spotted chrystal sky,
Ne other prodigies, presages sad,
Neither gust shakings of this settled globe;
Neither sharpe pencil of war, famine, pest,
Could once one ray engrave in steeled breast,
Or Christians cause their sin-jagged robe disrobe.

Thus stood the sad state of that sin-stain'd time,
And Christians of this our all-zeal cold time,
Let us now par'llel that time with our time,
Our parallel'd time will parallel that time,
Then triple-sainct, thou just geometer true,
Our time not parallel by thy justice line,
But with thy mercy's paralleling brow,
Reform our crimeful Angels by grace thine.

He bade the river bear the name of joy.—I. p. 4.

Guadalete had been thus interpreted to Florez. (Espana Sagrada, T. 9. p. 53.) Earlier writers had asserted (but without proof), that the Ancients called it Lethe, and the Moors added to these names their word for river. Lope de Vega alludes to this opinion:

Siempre lamentable Guadalete
Que llevo tanta sangre al mar de Espana,
Si por olvido se llamava el Lete
Trueque este nombre la vitorir estrana,
Y llamase memorio deste dia
En que Espana perdio la que tenia.
Que por donde à la mar entrava apenas
Diferenciando el agua, ya se via
Con roxo humor de las sangrientas venas
Por donde le cortava y dividia:
Gran tiempo conservaron sus arenas
(Y pienso que ha llegado a la edad mia)
Reliquias del estrago y piedras echas
Armas, hierros de lanza y de flechas.

Jerusalen Conquistada, L. vi. ff. 136.

The date of the battle is given with grandiloquous circumstantiality by Miguel de Barrios.

Salio la tercer alva del tonante
Noviembre, con vestido nebuloso,
sobre el alado bruto que al brillante
carro, saca del pielago espumoso;
y en el frio Escorpion casa rotante
del fiero Marte, el Astro luminoso
al son que compasso sus plantas sueltas
dio setecientas y catorze bueltas.

Coro de las Musas, p. 100.

He states the chronology of Pelayo's accession in the same taste.

Era el Pontificado del Segundo
Gregorio; Emperador Leon Tercero
del docto Griego; y del Persiano inmundo,
Zuleyman Miramamolin guerrero;
y de Daphne el amante rubicundo
surcava el mar del fulgido Carnero
sietecientas y diez y ocho vezes,
dexando el puerto de los aureos Pesces.

Ditto, p. 102.

Roderick's royal car.—I. p. 4.

"Roderike, the first day after the battayle, observing

the auncient guise of his countrey, came into the fielde apparailled in a gowne of beaten golde, having also on his head a crown of gold, and golden shoes, and all his other apparaile set with rich pearles and precious stones, ryding in a horse-litter of ivorie, drawne by two goodly horses; which order the Goths used alwayes in battailes for this consideration, that the souldiours, well knowing their king could not escape away by flight from them, shuld be assured that there was none other way but either to die togither in that place, or else to winne the victorie; for it had bene a thing most shamefull and reproachful to forsake their prince and anoynted soveraigne. Which custome and maner many free confederate cities of Italie folowing, trimmed and adorned for the warres a certain chayre of estate, called *Carocio*, wherein were set the penons and ensigns of all the confederates; this chayre, in battaile, was drawn by many oxen, wherby the whole hoast was given to understand that they could not with any honesty flie, by reason of the slow pace and unweldinesse of those heavie beasts."—*A Notable Historie of the Saracens, drawen out of Augustine Curio, and sundry other good Authours. By Thomas Newton*, 1575.

En ruedas de marfil, envuelto en sedas,
De oro la frente orlada, y mas dispuesto

Al triunfo y al festin que a la pelea,
El sucesor indigno de Alarico
Llevo tras si la maldicion eterna.
Ah! yo la vi: la lid por siete dias
Duro, mas no fue lid, fue una sangrienta
Carniceria: huyeron los cobardes
Los traidores vendieron sus banderas,
Los fuertes, los leales perecieron.

QUINTANA.

The author of the chivalrous Chronicle of King Don Rodrigo gives a singular description of this car, upon the authority of his pretended original Eleastras; for he, "seeing that calamities went on increasing, and that the destruction of the Goths was at hand, thought that if things were to end as they had begun, it would be a marvel if there should be in Spain any king or lord of the lineage of the Goths after the death of King Don Rodrigo; and therefore it imported much that he should leave behind him a remembrance of the customs of the Gothic kings, and of the manner in which they were wont to enter into battle and how they went to war. And he says, that the king used to go in a car made after a strange fashion. The wheels of this car were made of the bones of elephants, and the axle-tree was of fine silver, and the

perch was of fine gold. It was drawn by two horses, who were of great size, and gentle; and upon the car there was pitched a tent, so large that it covered the whole car, and it was of fine cloth of gold, upon which were wrought all the great feats in arms which had been atchieved until that time; and the pillar of the tent was of gold, and many stones of great value were set in it, which sent forth such splendour, that by night there was no need of any other light therein. And the car and the horses bore the same adornments as the king, and these were full of pearls the largest which could be found. And in the middle of the car there was a seat placed against the pillar of the tent; and this seat was of great price, insomuch that the value of it cannot be summed up, so many and so great were the stones which were set in it; and it was wrought so subtly, and of such rare workmanship, that they who saw it marvelled thereat. And upon this seat the king was seated, being lifted up so high that all in the host, little or great, might behold him. And in this manner it was appointed that the king should go to war. And round about the car there were to go a thousand knights, who had all been knighted by the hand of the king, all armed; and in the day of battle they were to be on foot round about the car; and all plighted homage to the king not to depart from it in any

manner whatsoever, and that they would rather receive their death there, than go from their place beside the car. And the king had his crown upon his head. And in this guise all the kings of the Goths, who had been lords of Spain, were to go to battle; and this custom they had all observed till the King Don Rodrigo; but he, because of the great grief which he had in his heart, would never ascend the car, neither did he go in it into the battle."—Part. i. c. 215.

Entrò Rodrigo en la battalla fiera,
Armado en blanco de un arnes dorado,
El yelmo coronado de una esfera
Que en luzes vence al circulo estrellado:
En unas ricas andas, ò litera
Que al hijo de Climene despenado
Enganaram mejor que el carro de oro
De ygual peligro, y de mayor tesoro.

La purpura real las armas cubre,
El grave rostro en magestad le bana,
El ceptro por quien era le descubre
Rodrigo ultimo Godo Rey de Espana:
Mas de la syerte que en lluvioso Otubre
Lo verde que le veste ya compana

Desnuda al olmo blanco, rompe y quita
Vulturno ayrado que al invierno incita ;

Caen las hojas sobre el agua clara
Que le banava el pie, y el ornamento
Del tronco imita nuestra edad que para
En su primero humilde fundamento :
Desierta queda la frondosa vara,
Sigue la rama, en remolino, al viento,
Que la aparta del arbol, que saltea
Su blanca, verde, y palida librea.

Assi Rodrigo el miserable dia
Ultimo de esta guerra desdichada
Quedo en el campo, donde ya tenia
La magestad del ombro derribada :
Alli la rota pupura yazia
Tenida en sangre, y en sudor vanada,
Alli el verde laurel, y el ceptro de oro,
Siendo el arbol su cuerpo, el viento el Moro.

LOPE DE VEGA. Jerusalen Conquistada, L. vi. f. 136.

That helm,

Whose horns amid the thickest of the fray

Eminent, had mark'd his presence.—I. p. 4.

Morales describes this horned helmet from a coin. "*Tiene de la una parte su rostro, harto diferente de los que en las otras Monedas de estas Reyes parecen. Tiene manera de estar armado, y salenle por cima de la celada unas puntas como cuernos pequenos y derechos por ambos lados, que lo hacen estrano y espantable.*" Florez has given this coin in his Medallas de Espana, from the only one which was known to be in existence, and which was then in the collection of the Infante D. Gabriel. It was struck at Egitania, the present Idana, and, like all the coins of the Visigoth kings, is of the rudest kind. The lines which Morales describes are sufficiently apparent, and if they are not intended for horns, it is impossible to guess what else they may have been meant to represent.

"These Gothic coins," says P. D. Jeronymo Contador de Argote, "have a thousand barbarisms, as well in their letters as in other circumstances. They mingle Greek characters with Latin ones; and in what regards the relief or figure, nothing can be more dissimilar than the representation to the thing which it is intended to represent. I will relate what happened to me with one, however much D. Egidio de Albornos de Macedo may repre-

hend me for it in his Parecer Anathomico. Valerio Pinto de Sa, an honourable citizen of Braga, of whom, in various parts of these Memoirs, I have made well-deserved mention, and of whose friendship I have been proud ever since I have been in that city, gave me, some six or seven years ago, a gold coin of King Leovigildo, who was the first of the Gothic kings of Spain that coined money, for till then both Goths and Sueves used the Roman. I examined leisurely, and what I clearly saw was a cross on the one side upon some steps, and some ill-shaped letters around it; and on the reverse something, I knew not what: It seemed to me like a tree, or a stake which shot out some branches: Round about were some letters, more distinct: I could not, however, ascertain what they signified. It happened about that time that I had the honour of a visit from the most illustrious Sr. D. Francisco de Almeida, then a most worthy academician of the Royal Academy, and at present a most deserving and eminent principal of the Holy Patriarchal Church. He saw this coin, and he also was puzzled by the side which represented what I called a tree. He asked me to lend it him, that he might examine it more at leisure. He took it away, and after some days returned it, saying, that he had examined it with a microscope, and that what I had taken for a stake was without question the portrait

of King Leovigildo. I confess that I was not yet entirely satisfied: however, I showed it afterwards to divers persons, all of whom said they knew not what the said figure could be; but when I desired them to see if it could be this portrait, they all agreed that it was. This undeceived me, and by looking at the coin in every possible light, at last I came to see it also, and acknowledge the truth with the rest. And afterwards I found in the Dialogues of Antonio Agostinho, treating of these Gothic coins, that there are some of such rude workmanship, that where a face should be represented, some represent a pitcher, and others an urn." — *Memorias de Braga*, T. iii. p. lix.

He found himself on Ana's banks,
Fast by the Caulian schools.—I. p. 8.

The site of this monastery, which was one of the most flourishing seminaries of that age, is believed to have been two leagues from Merida, upon the Guadiana, where the Ermida, or Chapel of Cubillana, stands at present, or was standing a few years ago. The legend, from which I have taken such circumstances as might easily have happened, and as suited my plan, was invented by a race of men who, in the talent of inventing, have left all poets and romancers far behind them. Florez refers to Brito for

it, and excuses himself from relating it, because it is not necessary to his* subject;—in reality he neither believed the story, nor chose to express his objections to it. His disbelief was probably founded upon the suspicious character of Brito, who was not at that time so decidedly condemned by his countrymen as he is at present. I give the legend from this veracious Cistercian. Most of his other fabrications have been exploded, but this has given rise to a popular and fashionable idolatry, which still maintains its ground.

"The monk did not venture to leave him alone in that disconsolate state, and taking him apart, besought him by the passion of Jesus Christ to consent that they twain should go together, and save a venerable image of the Virgin Mary our Lady, which in that convent flourished with great miracles, and had been brought from the city of Nazareth by a Greek monk, called Cyriac, at such time as a heresy in the parts of the East arose against the use and veneration of images; and with it a relic of the Apostle St. Bartholomew, and another of St. Bras, which were kept in an ivory coffer, for it would be a great sacrilege to leave them exposed to the ill-treatment of barbarians, who, according to public fame, left neither

* Espana Sagrada, T. xiii. p. 242.

temple nor sacred place which they did not profane, casting the images into the fire, and dragging them at their horses' tails for a greater opprobrium to the baptised people. The King, seeing himself thus conjured by the passion of our Redeemer Jesus Christ, in whom alone he had consolation and hope of remedy, and considering the piety of the thing in which he was chosen for companion, let himself be overcome by his entreaties; and taking in his arms the little image of our Lady, and Romano the coffer with the relics, and some provision for the journey, they struck into the middle of Portugal, having their faces alway towards the west, and seeking the coast of the ocean sea, because in those times it was a land more solitary, and less frequented by people, where they thought the Moors would not reach so soon, because, as there were no countries to conquer in those parts, there was no occasion which should lead them thither. Twenty-and-six days the two companions travelled without touching at any inhabited place, and after enduring many difficulties in crossing mountains and fording rivers, they had sight of the ocean sea on the 22d of November, being the day of the Virgin Martyr St. Cecilia; and as if in that place they should have an end of their labours, they took some comfort, and gave thanks to God, for that he had saved them from the

hand of their enemies. The place which they reached is in the *Coutos* of Alcobaça, near to where we now see the town of Pederneira, on the eastern side of which there rises, in the midst of certain sands, a hill of rock and firm land, somewhat prolonged from north to south, so lofty and well proportioned that it seemeth miraculously placed in that site, being surrounded on all sides with plains covered with sand, without height or rock to which it appears connected. And forasmuch as the manner thereof draws to it the eyes of whosoever beholds this work of nature, the king and the monk desired to ascend the height of it, to see whether it would afford a place for them in which to pass their lives. They found there a little hermitage with a holy crucifix, and no other signs of man, save only a plain tomb, without writing or epitaph to declare whose it might be. The situation of the place, which, ascending to a notable height, gives a prospect by sea and by land as far as the eyes can reach, and the sudden sight of the crucifix, caused in the mind of the king such excitement and so great consolation, that, embracing the foot of the cross, he lay there melting away in rivers of tears, not now of grief for the kingdoms and dominions which he had lost, but of consolation in seeing that in exchange the crucified Jesus himself had in this solitary mountain offered himself to him,

in whose company he resolved to pass the remainder of his life; and this he declared to the monk, who, to content him, and also because he saw that the place was convenient for contemplation, approved the king's resolve, and abode there with him some days; during which perceiving some inconvenience in living upon the summit of the mountain, from whence it was necessary to descend with much labour, whenever they would drink, or seek for herbs and fruits for their food; and moreover understanding that it was the king's desire to remain there alone, that he might vent himself in tears and exclamations, which he made oftentimes before the image of Christ, he went with his consent to a place little more than a mile from the mountain, which being on the one side smooth and of easy approach, hangs on the other over the sea with so huge a precipice that it is two hundred fathoms in perpendicular height, from the top of the rock to the water. There, between two great rocks, each of which projects over the sea, hanging suspended from the height in such a form, that they seem to threaten destruction to him who sees them from the beach, Romano found a little cave, made naturally in the cliff, which he enlarged with some walls of loose stone, built up with his own hands, and having thus made a sort of hermitage, he placed therein the image of the Virgin Mary of Na-

zareth, which he had brought from the Caulinean convent, and which being small, and of a dark colour, with the infant Jesus in its arms, hath in the countenance a certain perfection, with a modesty so remarkable, that at first sight it presents something miraculous; and having been known and venerated so great a number of years, during many of which it was in a place which did not protect it from the injuries of weather, it hath never been painted, neither hath it been found necessary to renew it. The situation of this hermitage was, and is now, within sight of the mountain where the king dwelt; and though the memorials from whence I am deriving the circumstances of these events do not specify it, it is to be believed that they often saw each other, and held such divine communion as their mode of life and the holiness of the place required; especially considering the great temptations of the Devil which the king suffered at the beginning of his penitence, for which the counsels and instructions of the monk would be necessary, and the aid of his prayers, and the presence of the relics of St. Bartholomew, which miraculously saved him many times from various illusions of the enemy. And in these our days there are seen upon the top of the mountain, in the living rock, certain human footsteps, and others of a different form, which the common people, without know-

ing the person, affirm to be the footsteps of St. Bartholomew and the Devil, who was there defeated and his illusions confounded by the saint, coming in aid of a devout man who called upon him in the force of his tribulation. This must have been the king, (though the common people know it not,) whom the saint thus visibly aided, and he chose that for a memorial of this aid, and of the power which God has given him over the evil spirits, these marks should remain impressed upon the living rock. And the ancient name of the mountain being Seano, it was changed into that of the Apostle, and is called at present St. Bartholomew's; and the hermitage which remains upon the top of it is under the invocation of the same saint and of St. Bras, which must have arisen from the relics of these two saints that Romano brought with him, and left with the king for his consolation, when he withdrew with the image of Our Lady to the place of which we have spoken, where he lived little more than a year; and then knowing the time of his death, he communicated it to the king, beseeching him that, in requital for the love with which he had accompanied him, he would remember to pray to God for his soul, and would give his body to the earth, from which it had sprung; and that having to depart from that land, he would leave there the image and the relics,

in such manner as he should dispose them before he died. With that Romano departed to enjoy the reward deserved by his labours, leaving the king with fresh occasion of grief for want of so good a companion. Of what more passed in this place, and of the temptations and tribulations which he endured till the end of his life, there is no authentic historian, nor memorial which should certify them, more than some relations mingled with fabulous tales in the ancient Chronicle of King Don Rodrigo, where, among the truths which are taken from the Moor Rasis, there are many things notoriously impossible; such as the journey which the king took, being guided by a white cloud till he came near Viseo; and the penance in which he ended his life there, inclosing himself alive in a certain tomb with a serpent which he had bred for that purpose. But as these are things difficult to believe, we will pass them over in silence, leaving to the judgment of the curious the credit which an ancient picture deserves, still existing near Viseo, in the church of St. Michael, over the tomb of the said King Don Roderick, in which is seen a serpent painted with two heads; and in the tomb itself, which is of wrought stone, a round hole, through which they say that the snake entered. That which is certain of all this is, as our historians relate, that the king came to this place, and in the hermitage of

St. Michael, which we now see near Viseo, ended his days in great penance, no man knowing the manner thereof; neither was there any other memorial clearer than that in process of time a writing was found upon a certain tomb in this church with these words; HIC REQVIESCIT RUDERICUS ULTIMUS REX GOTHORUM, Here rests Roderick, the last King of the Goths. I remember to have seen these very words written in black upon an arch of the wall, which is over the tomb of the king, although the Archbishop Don Rodrigo, and they who follow him, give a longer inscription, not observing that all which he has added are his own curses and imprecations upon Count Don Julian, (as Ambrosio de Morales has properly remarked, following the Bishop of Salamanca and others,) and not parts of the same inscription, as they make them. The church in which is the tomb of the king is at present very small, and of great antiquity, especially the first chapel, joined to which on either side is a cell of the same length, but narrow, and dark also, having no more light than what enters through a little window opening to the east. In one of these cells (that which is on the south side) it is said that a certain hermit dwelt, by whose advice the king governed himself in the course of his penance; and at this time his grave is shown close to the walls of the chapel, on the Epistle

side. In the other cell (which is on the north) the king past his life, paying now, in the straitness of that place, for the largeness of his palaces, and the liberties of his former life, whereby he had offended his Creator. And, in the wall of the chapel which answers to the Gospel side, there remains a sort of arch, in which the tomb is seen, wherein are his bones; and it is devoutly visited by the natives, who believe that through his means the Lord does miracles there upon persons afflicted with agues and other like maladies. Under the said arch, in the part answering to it in the inside of the cell, I saw painted on the wall the hermit and the king, with the serpent with two heads, and I read the letters which are given above, all defaced by time, and bearing marks of great antiquity, yet so that they could distinctly be seen. The tomb is flat and made of a single stone, in which a man's body can scarcely find room. When I saw it it was open, the stone which had served to cover it not being there, neither the bones of the king, which they told me had been carried into Castille some years before, but in what manner they knew not, nor by whose order; neither could I discover, by all the enquiries which I made among the old people of that city, who had reason to be acquainted with a thing of so much importance, if it were

as certain as some of them affirmed it to be." — BRITO, *Monarchia Lusitania*, P. ii. l. 7. c. 3.

"The great venerableness of the Image of our Lady of Nazareth which the king left hidden in the very place where Romano in his lifetime had placed it, and the continual miracle which she shewed formerly, and still shews," induced F. Bernardo de Brito to continue the history of this Image, which, no doubt, he did the more willingly because he bears a part in it himself. In the days of Affonso Henriquez, the first king of Portugal, this part of the country was governed by D. Fuas Roupinho, a knight famous in the Portugueze chronicles, who resided in the castle at Porto de Mos. This Dom Fuas, "when he saw the land secure from enemies, used often to go out hunting among the sands and thickets between the town and the sea, where, in those days, there used to be great store of game, and even now, though the land is so populous, there is still some; and as he followed this exercise, the proper pastime of noble and spirited men, and came sometimes to the sea-shore, he came upon that remarkable rock, which being level on the side of the north, and on a line with the flat country, ends towards the south in a precipice over the waves of the sea, of a prodigious height, causing the greater admiration to him who, going over the plain country without finding any

irregularity, finds himself, when least expecting it, suddenly on the summit of such a height. And as he was curiously regarding this natural wonder, he perceived between the two biggest cliffs which stand out from the ground and project over the sea, a sort of house built of loose stones, which, from its form and antiquity, made him go himself to examine it; and descending by the chasm between the two rocks, he entered into a low cavern, where, upon a little altar, he saw the venerable Image of the Virgin Mary of Nazareth, being of such perfection and modesty as are found in very few images of that size. The catholic knight venerated it with all submission, and would have removed it to his castle of Porto de Mos, to have it held in more veneration, but that he feared to offend it if he should move it from a habitation where it had abode for so many years. This consideration made him leave it for the present in the same place and manner in which he found it; and although he visited it afterwards when in course of the chase he came to those parts, nevertheless he never took in hand to improve the poor hermitage in which it was, nor would he have done it, if the Virgin had not saved him from a notorious danger of death, which, peradventure, God permitted, as a punishment for his negligence, and in this manner to make the virtue of the Holy Image

manifest to the world. It was thus, that going to his ordinary exercise of the chase, in the month of September, in the year of Christ 1182, and on the 14th of the month, being the day on which the church celebrates the festival of the Exaltation of the Cross, upon the which Christ redeemed the human race, as the day rose thick with clouds, which ordinarily arise from the sea, and the country round about could not be seen by reason of the clouds, save for a little space, it befell that the dogs put up a stag, (if indeed it were one,) and Dom Fuas pressing his horse in pursuit, without fear of any danger, because he thought it was all plain ground, and the mist hindered him from seeing where he was, found himself upon the very edge of the rock on the precipice, two hundred fathoms above the sea, at a moment when it was no longer in his power to turn the reins, nor could he do any thing more than invoke the succours of the Virgin Mary, whose image was in that place; and she succoured him in such a manner, that less than two palms from the edge of the rock, on a long and narrow point thereof, the horse stopt as if it had been made of stone, the marks of his hoofs remaining in proof of the miracle imprinted in the living rock, such as at this day they are seen by all strangers and persons on pilgrimages, who go to visit the Image of Our Lady; and it is a notable thing, and deserving of

serious consideration, to see that in the midst of this rock, upon which the miracle happened, and on the side towards the east, and in a part where, because it is suspended in the air, it is not possible that any human being could reach, Nature herself has impressed a cross as if nailed to the hardness of the rock, as though she had sanctified that cliff therewith, and marked it with that holy sign, to be the theatre in which the miraculous circumstance was to be celebrated; which, by reason that it took place on the day of the Exaltation of the Cross seemed as if it showed the honour and glory which should from thence redound to the Lord who redeemed us thereon. Dom Fuas seeing himself delivered from so great danger, and knowing from whence the grace had come to him, went to the little hermitage, where, with the great devotion which the presence of the miracle occasioned, he gave infinite thanks to the Lady, accusing himself before her of having neglected to repair the house, and promising all the amends which his possibility permitted. His huntsmen afterwards arrived, following the track of the horse, and knowing the marvel which had occurred, they prostrated themselves before the Image of the Lady, adding with their astonishment to the devotion of Dom Fuas, who hearing that the stag had not been seen, and that the dogs had found no track of

him in any part, though one had been represented before him to draw him on, understood that it was an illusion of the devil, seeking by that means to make him perish miserably. All these considerations enhanced the greatness of the miracle, and the obligations of Dom Fuas, who, tarrying there some days, made workmen come from Lyria and Porto de Mos, to make another hermitage, in which the Lady should be more venerated; and as they were demolishing the first, they found placed between the stones of the altar a little box of ivory, and within it relicks of St. Bras, St. Bartholomew, and other saints, with a parchment, wherein a relation was given of how, and at what time those relicks and the image were brought there, according as has been aforesaid. A vaulted chapel was soon made, after a good form for times so ancient, over the very place where the Lady had been; and to the end that it might be seen from all sides, they left it open with four arches, which in process of time were closed, to prevent the damage which the rains and storms did within the chapel, and in this manner it remains in our days. The Lady remained in her place, being soon known and visited by the faithful, who flocked there upon the fame of her appearance: the valiant and holy king D. Affonso Henriquez, being one of the first whom Dom Fuas advised of what had happen-

ed, and he, accompanied with the great persons of his court, and with his son, D. Sancho, came to visit the Image of The Lady, and see with his own eyes the marks of so rare a miracle as that which had taken place; and with his consent, D. Fuas made a donation to The Lady of a certain quantity of land round about, which was at that time a wild thicket, and for the greater part is so still, being well nigh all wild sands incapable of giving fruit, and would produce nothing more than heath and some wild pine-trees. And because it establishes the truth of all that I have said, and relates in its own manner the history of the Image of The Lady, I will place it here in the form in which I saw it in the Record-Room at Alcobaça, preserving throughout the Latin and the barbarism of its composition; which is as follows:

"*Sub nomine Patris, nec non et ejus prolis, in unius potentia Deitatis, incipit carta donationis, necnon et devotionis, quam ego Fuas Ropinho tenens Porto de Mos, et terram de Albardos usque Leirenam, et Turres Veteres, facio Ecclesiæ Santæ Mariæ de Nazareth, quæ de pauco tempore surgit fundata super mare, ubi de sæculis antiquis jacebat, inter, lapides et spinas multas, de tota illa terra quæ jacet inter flumina quæ venit per Alcaubaz, et aquam nuncupatam de furaturio, et dividitur de isto mo-*

do: de illa foz de flumine Alcobaz, quomodo vadit per aquas bellas, deinde inter mare et mata de Patayas usque; finir in ipso furaturio, quam ego obtinui de rege Alfonso, et per suum consensum facio præsentem seriem ad prædictam Ecclesiam Beatæ Mariæ Virginis, quam feci supra mare, ut in sæculis perpetuis memorentur mirabilia Dei, et sit notum omnibus hominibus, quomodo a morte fuerim salvatus per pietatem Dei et Beatæ Mariæ quam vocant de Nazaret, tali sucesu. Cum manerem in castro Porto de Mos, et inde venicbam ad ocidendos venatos, per Melvam et matam de Patayas usque ad mare, supra quam inveni furnam, et parvam domunculam inter arbustas et vepres, in qua erat una Imago Virginis Mariæ, et veneravimus illam, et abivimus inde; veni deinde xviii kal. Octobris, circa dictum locum, cum magna obscuratione nebulæ sparsa super totam terram, et invenimus venatum, tres quem fui in meo equo, usque venirem ad esbarrondadeiro supra mare, quod cadit adjuso sine mensura hominis et pavet visus si cernit furnam cadentem ad aquas. Pavi ego miser peccator, et venit ad remembrancam de imagine ibi posita, et magna voce dixi, SANCTA MARIA VAL. *Benedicta sit illa in mulieribus, quia meum equum sicut si esset lapis fecit stare, pedibus fixis in lapide, et erat jam vazatus extra terram in punta de saxo super mare. Descendi de equo, et veni ad locum ubi erat imago,*

et ploravi et gratias feci, et venerunt monteiros et viderunt, et laudaverunt Deum et Beatam Mariam; Misi homines per Leirenam et Porto de Mos, et per loca vicina, ut venirent Alvanires, et facerent ecclesiam bono opere operatam de fornice et lapide, et jam laudatur Deus finita est. Nos vero non sciebamus unde esset, et unde venisset ista imago; sed ecce cum destruebatur altare per Alvanires, inventa est arcula de ebore antiquo, et in illa uno envoltorio, in quo erant ossa aliquorum sanctorum, et cartula cum hac inscriptione: Hic sunt reliquiæ Sanctorum Blasii et Bartholomei Apostoli, quas detulit a Monasterio Cauliniana Romanus monachus, simul cum venerabili Imagine Virginis Mariæ de Nazareth, quæ olim in Nazareth Civitate Gallileæ multis miraculis claruerat, et inde asportata per Græcum monachum nomine Cyriacum, Gothorum Regum tempore, in prædicto monasterio per multum temporis manserat, quo usque Hispania à Mauris debelata, et Rex Rodericus superatus in prælio solus, lacrymabilis, abjectus, et pene defficiens pervenit ad præfatum monasterium Cauliniana, ibique a prædicto Romano pœnitentiæ et Eucharistiæ Sacramentis susceptis, pariter cum illo, cum imagine, et reliquiis ad Seanum montem pervenerunt 10 *kal. Decemb. in quo rex solus per annum integrum permansit, in Ecclesia ibi inventa cum Christi crucifixi imagine, et ignoto sepulchro. Romanus*

vero cum hac Sacra Virginis effigie inter duo ista saxa, usque ad extremum vitæ permansit; et ne futuris temporibus aliquem ignorantia teneat, hæc cum reliquiis sacris in hac extremæ orbis parte recondimus. Deus ista omnia a Maurorum manibus servet. Amen. De his lectis et a Presbyteris apertis satis multum sumus gavisi, quia nomen de sanctis reliquiis, et de Virgine scivimus, et ut memorentur per semper in ista serie testamenti scribere fecimus. Do igitur prædictam hæreditatem pro reparatione prefatæ Ecclesiæ cum pascuis, et aquis, de monte in fonte, ingressibus et regressibus, quantum a prestitum hominis est, et illam in melhiorato foro aliquis potest habēre per se. Ne igitur aliquis homo de nostris vel de estraneis hoc factum nostrum ad irrumpendum veniat, quod si tentaverit peche ad dominum terræ trecentos marabitinos, et carta nihilominus in suo robore permaneat, et insuper sedeat excommunicatus et cum Juda proditore pœnas luat damnatorum. Facta series testamenti vi Idus Decemb. era M,CLXX, Alfonsus Portugaliæ Rex confirm. Sancius Rex confirm. Regina Dona Tarasia confirm. Petrus Fernandez, regis Sancii dapifer confirm. Menendus Gunsalui, ejusdem signifer confirm. Donus Joannes Fernandez curiæ regis maiordomus confirm. Donus Julianus Cancellarius regis confirm. Martiniis Gonsalui Pretor Colimbriæ confirm. Petrus Omariz Capellanus regis confirm. Menendus Ab-

bas confirm. Theotonius conf. Fernandus Nuniz, testis. Egeas Nuniz, testis. Dn Telo, testis. Petrus Nuniz, testis. Fernandus Vermundi, testis. Lucianus Præsbyter Notavit."

This deed, which establishes all the principal facts that I have related, did not take effect, because the lands of which it disposed were already part of the *Coutos* of Alcobaça, which King Don Affonso had given some years before to our father St. Bernard; and Dom Fuas compensated for them with certain properties near Pombal, as is proved by another writing annexed to the former, but which I forbear to insert, as appertaining little to the thread of my history: and resuming the course thereof, you must know, that the image of the Virgin Mary of Nazareth remained in the chapel which Dom Fuas made for it, till the year of Christ, 1377, in the which, King Dom Fernando of Portugal founded for it the house in which it now is, having been enlarged and beautified by Queen Dona Lianor, wife of King Dom Joam II., and surrounded with porticoes by King Dom Manoel. And now in our times a chapel (*Capela mor*) of good fabric has been built, with voluntary contributions, and the rents of the brotherhood; and in the old hermitage founded by Dom Fuas I., with the help of some devout persons,

had another chapel opened under ground, in order to discover the very rock and cavern in which the Holy Image had been hidden so great a number of years; there is a descent to it by eight or ten steps, and a notable consolation it is to those who consider the great antiquity of that sanctuary. And for that the memory of things so remarkable ought not to be lost, I composed an inscription briefly recounting the whole: and Dr. Ruy Lourenço, who was then Provedor of the Comarca of Leyria, and visitor of the said church for the king, ordered it to be engraven in marble. It is as follows:

" *Sacra Virginis Mariæ veneranda Imago, a Monasterio Cauliniana prope Emeritam, quo Gothorum tempore, a Nazareth translata, miraculis claruerat, in generali Hispaniæ clade, Ann. Dni. DCCXIIII. a Romano monacho, comite, ut fertur, Roderico Rege, ad hanc extremam orbis partem adducitur, in qua dum unus moritur, alter proficiscitur, per CCCCLXIX. annos inter duo hæc prærupta saxa sub parvo delituit tugurio: deinde a Fua Ropinio, Portus Molarum duce, anno Domini MCLXXXII,* (*ut ipse in donatione testatur*) *inventa, dum incaute agitato equo fugacem, fictumque forte, insequitur cervum, ad ultimumque immanis hujus præcipitii cuneum, jam jam ruiturus accedit, nomine Virginis invo-*

cato, a ruina, et mortis faucibus ereptus, hoc ei prius dedicat sacellum; tandem a Ferdinando Portugaliæ Rege, ad majus aliud templum, quod ipse a fundamentis erexerat tranfertur, Ann. Domini MCCCLXXVII. Virgini et perpetuitati. D.D.F.B.D.B. ex voto."

From these things, taken as faithfully as I possibly could from the deed of gift and from history, we see clearly the great antiquity of this sanctuary, since it is 893 years since the Image of The Lady was brought to the place where it now is; and although we do not know the exact year in which it was brought from Nazareth, it is certain at least that it was before King Recaredo, who began to reign in the year of Christ 586; so that it is 1021 years, a little more or less, since it came to Spain; and as it came then, as one well known, and celebrated for miracles in the parts of the East, it may well be understood that this is one of the most famous and ancient Images, and nearest to the times of the apostles, that the world at present possesses. — *Brito Monarchia Lusitana*, p. 2. L. 7. C. 4.

This legend cannot have been invented before Emanuel's reign, for Duarte Galvam says nothing of it in his Chronicle of Affonso Henriquez, though he relates the exploits and death of D. Fuas Roupinho. I believe there

is no earlier authority for it than Bernardo de Brito himself. It is one of many articles of the same kind from the great manufactory at Alcobaça, and is at this day as firmly believed by the people of Portugal as any article of the Christian faith. How indeed should they fail to believe it? I have a print, it is one of the most popular devotional prints in Portugal, which represents the miracle. The diabolical stag is flying down the precipice, and looking back with a wicked turn of the head, in hopes of seeing Dom Fuas follow him; the horse is rearing up with his hind feet upon the brink of the precipice; the knight has dropt his hunting-spear, his cocked hat is falling behind him, and an exclamation to the Virgin is coming out of his mouth. The Virgin with a crown upon her head, and the Babe with a crown upon his, at her breast, appear in the sky amidst clouds of glory. *N. S. de Nazareé*, is written above this precious print, and this more precious information below it,— *O. Emo. Snr. Cardeal Patriarcha concede 50 dias de Indulga. a qm. rezar huma have ma. diante desta Image.* His Eminency the Cardinal Patriarch grants fifty days indulgence to whosoever shall say an Ave-Maria before this Image. The print is included, and plenty of Ave-Marias are said before it in full faith, for this *nossa senhora* is in high vogue. Before the French invasion, this famous Image used an-

nually to be escorted by the court to Cape Espichel. In 1796 I happened to be upon the Tagus at the time of her embarkation at Belam. She was carried in a sort of sedan-chair, of which the fashion resembled that of the Lord Mayor's coach; a processional gun-boat preceded the Image and the Court, and I was literally caught in a shower of rockets; if any of which had fallen upon the heretical heads of me and my companion, it would not improbably have been considered as a new miracle wrought by the wonder-working Senhora.

In July 1808, the French, under General Thomieres. robbed the church of this Lady of Nazareth; their booty, in jewels and plate, was estimated at more than 200,000 crusados. Jose Accursio das Neves, the Portugueze historian of those disastrous times, expresses his surprise that no means should have been taken by those who had the care of these treasures, for securing them in time. Care, however, seems to have been taken of the Great Diana of the Temple, for though it is stated that they destroyed or injured several images, no mention is made of any insult or damage having been offered to this. They sacked the town and set fire to it, but it escaped with the loss of only thirteen or fourteen houses; the suburb or village, on the beach, was less fortunate: there only four houses of more than 300 remain unconsumed,

and all the boats and nets were destroyed. — *Historia de Invasam, &c.* T. 4. p. 85.

Spreading his hands and lifting up his face, &c.—I. p. 11.

The Vision of Don Roderick supplies a singular contrast to the picture which is represented in this passage. I have great pleasure in quoting the stanzas; if the contrast had been intentional, it could not have been more complete.

But, far within, Toledo's Prelate lent
An ear of fearful wonder to the King;
The silver lamp a fitful lustre sent,
So long that sad confession witnessing:
For Roderick told of many a hidden thing,
Such as are lothly uttered to the air,
When Fear, Remorse, and Shame, the bosom wring,
And Guilt his secret burthen cannot bear,
And Conscience seeks in speech a respite from Despair.

Full on the Prelate's face, and silver hair,
The stream of failing light was feebly roll'd;
But Roderick's visage, though his head was bare,
Was shadow'd by his hand and mantle's fold,
While of his hidden soul the sins he told,

Proud Alaric's descendant could not brook,
That mortal man his bearing should behold,
Or boast that he had seen, when conscience shook,
Fear tame a monarch's brow, remorse a warrior's look.

This part of the story is thus nakedly stated by Dr. Andre da Sylva Mascarenhas, in a long narrative poem with this title, — *A destruiçam de Espanha, Restauraçam Summaria da mesma.*

Achouse o pobre Rey em Cauliniana
Mosteiro junto ao rio Guadiana.

Eram os frades fugidos do Mosteiro
Com receos dos Barbaros malvados,
De bruços esteve el Rey hum dia inteiro
Na Igreja, chorando seus peccados:
Hum Monge veo alli por derradeiro
A conhecer quem era, ouvindo os brados
Que o disfarçado Rey aos ares dava,
Este Monge Romano se chamava.

Perguntoulhe quem era, e donde vinha,
Por ver no pobre traje gram portento,
El Rey lhe respondeo como convinha

Sem declarar seu posto, on seu intento;
Pediulhe confissam, e o Monge asinha
Lha concedeo e o Santo Sacramento
Era força que el Rey na confissam
Lhe declarásse o posto e a tencam.

Como entendeo o bom Religioso
Que aquelle era seu Rey que por estranhas
Terras andava roto e lacrimoso,
Mil ays tirou das intimas entranhas:
Lançouselhe aos pes, e com piedoso
Affecto o induziu e varias manhas,
O quizesse tambem levar consigo
Por socio no desterro e no perigo.—P. 278.

The fourth week of their fearful pilgrimage.—I. p. 13.

Dias vinte e sete na passagem
Gastaram, desviandosse do humano
Trato, e maos encontros que este mundo
Tras sempre a quem busca o bem profunda.
Destruiçam de Esphana.

Some new austerity unheard of yet
In Syrian fields of glory, or the sands
Of holiest Egypt.—II. p. 21.

Egypt has been, from the earliest ages, the theatre of the most abject and absurd superstitions, and very little benefit was produced by a conversion which exchanged crocodiles and monkies for monks and mountebanks. The first monastery is said to have been established in that country by St. Anthony the Great, towards the close of the third century. He who rests in solitude, said the saint, is saved from three conflicts,—from the war of hearing, and of speech, and of sight; and he has only to maintain the struggle against his own heart. (*Acta Sanctorum*, T. ii. p. 143.) Indolence was not the only virtue which he and his disciples introduced into the catalogue of Christian perfections. S. Eufraxia entered a convent consisting of an hundred and thirty nuns, not one of whom had ever washed her feet; the very mention of the bath was an abomination to them.—(*Acta Sanctorum*, *March* 13.) St. Macarius had renounced most of the decencies of life; but he returned one day to his convent, humbled and mortified, exclaiming,—I am not yet a monk, but I have seen monks! for he had met two of these wretches stark naked.—*Acta Sanctorum*, i. p. 107.

The principles which these madmen established were, that every indulgence is sinful; that whatever is gratifying to the body, must be injurious to the soul; that in proportion as man inflicts torments upon himself, he pleases his Creator; that the ties of natural affection wean the heart from God; and that every social duty must be abandoned by him who would be perfect. The doctrine of two principles has never produced such practical evils in any system as in the Catholic. Manes, indeed, attributes all evil to the equal power of the Evil Principle, (that power being only for a time,) but some of the corrupted forms of Christianity actually exclude a good one!

There is a curious passage in the Bibliotheca Orientalis of Assemanus, in which the deserts are supposed to have been originally intended for the use of these saints, compensating for their sterility by the abundant crop of virtues which they were to produce! *In illâ vero soli vastitate, quæ procul a Nili ripis quaquaversus latissime protenditur, non urbes, non domicilia, non agri, non arbores, sed desertum, arena, feræ; Non tamen hanc terræ partem (ut Eucherii verbis utar) inutilem, et inhonoratam dimisit Deus, quum in primordiis rerum omnia in sapientiâ faceret, et singula quæque futuris usibus apta distingueret; sed cuncta non magis præsentis magnificentiâ,*

quam futuri præscientiâ creans, venturis, ut arbitror, Sanctis Eremum paravit. Credo, his illam locupletem fructibus voluit, et pro indulgentioris naturæ vice, hanc Sanctorum dare fœcundiam, ut sic pinguescerent fines deserti: Et quum irrigaret de superioribus suis montes, abundaret quoque multiplicata fruge convalles locorumque damna supplicet, quum habitationem sterilem habitatore ditaret.

" If the ways of religion," says South, " are ways of pleasantness, such as are not ways of pleasantness, are not truly and properly ways of religion. Upon which ground it is easy to see what judgment is to be passed upon all those affected, uncommanded, absurd austerities, so much prized and exercised by some of the Romish profession. Pilgrimages, going barefoot, hair-shirts and whips, with other such gospel-artillery, are their only helps to devotion: things never enjoined, either by the prophets under the Jewish, or by the apostles under the Christian economy, who yet surely understood the proper and the most efficacious instruments of piety, as well as any confessor or friar of all the order of St. Francis, or any casuist whatsoever.

" It seems that with them a man sometimes cannot be a penitent unless he also turns vagabond, and foots it to Jerusalem, or wanders over this or that part of the world

to visit the shrines of such or such a pretended saint, though perhaps in his life ten times more ridiculous than themselves. Thus, that which was Cain's error, is become their religion. He that thinks to expiate a sin by going bare-foot, only makes one folly the atonement for another. Paul, indeed, was scourged and beaten by the Jews, but we never read that he beat or scourged himself; and if they think that his *keeping under of his body* imports so much, they must first prove that the body cannot be kept under by a virtuous mind, and that the mind cannot be made virtuous but by a scourge, and consequently that thongs and whip-cord are means of grace, and things necessary to salvation. The truth is, if men's religion lies no deeper than their skin, it is possible that they may scourge themselves into very great improvements.

"But they will find that bodily exercise touches not the soul, and that neither pride, nor lust, nor covetousness, was ever mortified by corporal discipline; 'tis not the back, but the heart that must bleed for sin; and, consequently, that in their whole course they are like men out of their way; let them lash on never so fast, they are not at all the nearer to their journey's end; and howsoever they deceive themselves and others, they may as

well expect to bring a cart as a soul to Heaven by such means."—*Sermons*, vol. i. p. 34.

In those weeds
Which never from the hour when to the grave
She followed her dear Lord Theodofred,
Rosilla laid aside.—II. p. 23.

Vide nuper ipse in Hispaniis constitutis et admiratus sum antiquum hunc morem, ab Hispanis adhuc omnibus observari; mortuâ quippe uxore maritus, mortuo marito conjux, mortuis filiis patres, mortuis patribus filii, defunctis quibuslibet cognatis cognati, extinctis, quolibet casu amicis amici, statim arma deponunt, sericas vestes, peregrinarum pellium tegmina abjiciunt, totumque penitus multi colorem, ac pretiosum habitum abdicantes, nigris tantum vilibusque indumentis se contegunt. Sic crinibus propriis sic jumentorum suorum caudis decurtatis, seque et ipsa atro prorsus colore denigrant. Talibus luctui dolorisve insignibus, subtractos charissimos deflent, et integri ad minus spatium anni, in tali mœrore publica lege consumant.—Petri Venerabilis Epist. quoted in Yepes, T. vii. ff. 21.

Her eyeless husband.—II. p. 23.

Witiza put out the eyes of Theodofred, *inhabilitandole*

para la monarchia, says Ferreras. This was the common mode of incapacitating a rival for the throne.

Un Conde de Gallicia que fuera valiado,
Pelayo avie nombre, ome fo desforzado,
Perdio la vision, andaba embargado,
Ca ome que non vede, non debie seer nado.

Gonzalo de Berceo. S. Dom. 888.

The history of Europe during the dark ages abounds with examples of *exoculation*, as it was called by those writers who endeavoured, towards the middle of the 17th century, to introduce the style-ornate into our prose after it had been banished from poetry. In the East, the practice is still continued. When Alboquerque took possession of Ormuz, he sent to Portugal fifteen of its former kings, whom he found there, each of whom, in his turn, had been deposed and blinded!

In the semi-barbarous stage of society, any kind of personal blemish seems to have been considered as disqualifying a prince from the succession, like the law of the Nazarenes. Yorwerth, the son of Owen Gynedh, was set aside in Wales because of his broken nose; Count Oliba, in Barcelona, because he could never speak till he had stamped with his foot three times like a goat. *Aquest Oliba frare del Conte en Grifa no era a dret de sos mem-*

bras. Car lo dit Oliba james no podia partar, si primer no donas colps ab lo peu en terra quart o sinc vegades, axi comsi fos cabra; e per aquesta raho li fou imposat lo nom, dient li Olibra Cabreta, e per aquest accident lo dit Oliba perde la successio del frare en lo Comtat de Barcelona, e fou donat lo dit Comtat o en Borrell, Comte de Urgell, qui era son cosin germa.—Pere Tomich, c. xxviii. ff. 20.

In the treaty between our Henry V. and Charles VI. of France, by which Henry was appointed King of France after Charles's decease, it was decreed that the French should "swear to become liege men and vassals to our said son King Henry, and obey him as the true King of France, and without any opposition or dispute shall receive him as such, and never pay obedience to any other as king or regent of France, but to our said son King Henry, unless our said son should lose life or *limb*, or be attacked by a *mortal disease*, or suffer diminution in person, state, honour *, or goods."

Lope de Vega alludes to the blindness of Theodofred in his Jerusalem Conquistada:—

Criavase con ostras bellas damas
Florinda bella,——

* Johnes's Monstrellet, vol. v. p. 190.

Esta miro Rodrigo desdichado,
Ay si como su padre fuera ciego!
Saco sus ojos Witisa ayrado,
Fuera mejor los de Rodrigo luego:
Gozara Espana el timbre coronado
De sus castillos en mayor sossiego
Que le dio Leovigildo, y no se viera
Estampa de Africano en su ribera.

L. vi. ff. 131.

A remarkable instance of the inconvenient manner in which the *b* and the *v* are indiscriminately used by the Spaniards, occurs here in the original edition. The *w* not being used in that language, it would naturally be represented by *vv;* and here, the printer, using most unluckily his typographical licence, has made the word *Vbitisa.*

"The Spaniards," says that late worthy Jo. Sandford, some time fellow of Magdalane college, in Oxford, (in his Spanish Grammar, 1632) "do with a kind of wantonness so confound the sound of *b* with *v*, that it is hard to determine when and in what words it should retain its own power of a labial letter, which gave just cause of laughter at that Spaniard who, being in conversation with a French lady, and minding to commend her children for fair, said unto her, using the Spanish liberty in pronoun-

cing the French, — *Madame, vous avez des veaux enfans,* telling her that she had calves to her children, instead of saying, *beaux enfans,* fair children. Neither can I well justify him who wrote *veneficio* for *beneficio.*"

Conimbrica, whose ruined towers
Bear record of the fierce Alani's wrath. — III. 31.

The Roman Conimbrica stood about two leagues from the present Coimbra, on the site of Condeyxa Velha. Ataces, king of the Alanes, won it from the Sueves, and, in revenge for its obstinate resistance, dispeopled it, making all its inhabitants, without distinction of persons, work at the foundation of Coimbra where is now stands. Hermenerico, the king of the Sueves, attacked him while thus employed, but was defeated and pursued to the Douro; peace was then made, and Sindasunda, daughter of the conquered, given in marriage to the conqueror. In memory of the pacification thus effected, Ataces bore upon his banners a damsel in a tower, with a dragon vert on one side, and a lion rouge on the other, the bearings of himself and his marriage-father; and this device being sculptured upon the towers of Coimbra, still remains as the city arms. Two letters of Arisbert, bishop of Porto, to Samerius, archdeacon of Braga, which are preserved at Alcobaça, relate these events as the news of the

day,— that is, if the authority of Alcobaçan records, and of Bernardo de Brito can be admitted.— *Mon. Lus.* 26. 3.

Ataces was an Arian, and therefore made the Catholic bishops and priests work at his new city, but his queen converted him.

Mumadona.—III. p. 32.

Gasper Estacò has shown that this is the name of the foundress of Guimaraens, and that it is not, as some writers had supposed, erroneously thus written, because the words Muma and Dona followed each other in the deeds of gift wherein it is preserved; the name being frequently found with its title affixed thus, Dma Mumadna.

——————— *the banks*
Of Lima, through whose groves in after years
Mournful, yet sweet, Diogo's amorous lute
Prolong'd its tuneful echoes.—III. p. 35.

Diogo Bernardes, one of the best of the Portugueze poets, was born on the banks of the Lima, and passionately fond of its scenery. Some of his sonnets will bear comparison with the best poems of their kind. There is a charge of plagiarism against him for having printed several of Camoens's sonnets as his own; to obtain any proofs upon this subject would be very difficult; this, however,

is certain, that his own undisputed productions resemble them so closely in unaffected tenderness, and in sweetness of diction, that the whole appear like the works of one author.

Auria itself is now but one wide tomb
For all its habitants.—III. p. 38.

The present Orense. The Moors entirely destroyed it; *depopulavit usque ad solum,* are the words of one of the old brief chronicles. In 832, Alonzo el Casto found it too completely ruined to be restored.—*Espana Sagrada,* xvii. p. 48.

That consecrated pile amid the wild
Which sainted Fructuoso in his zeal
Reared to St. Felix, on Visonia's banks.—IV. 50.

Of this saint, and the curious institutions which he formed, and the beautiful track of country in which they were placed, I have given an account in the third edition of Letters from Spain and Portugal, vol. i. p. 103.

Sacaru . . . . . indignantly
Did he toward the ocean bend his way,
And shaking from his feet the dust of Spain,
Took ship and hoisted sail, through seas unknown,
To seek for freedom. — IV. p. 58.

This tale, which is repeated by Bleda, rests on no better authority than that of * Abulcacim, which may, however, be admitted, so far as to show that it was a prevalent opinion in his time.

Antonio Galvam, in his *Tratado dos Descobrementos Antigos e Modernos*, relates a current, and manifestly fabulous story, which has been supposed to refer to Sacaru, and the companions of his emigration. They say, he says, that at this time, A. D. 1447, a Portugueze ship sailing out of the Straits of Gibraltar, was carried by a storm much farther to the west than she had intended, and came to an island where there were seven cities, and where our language was spoken; and the people asked whether the Moors still occupied Spain, from whence they had fled after the loss of King Don Rodrigo. The contramaster of the ship said, that he brought away a little sand from the island, and sold it to a goldsmith in Lisbon, who extracted from it a good quantity of gold. It

* C. 13.

is said that the Infante D. Pedro, who governed at that time, ordered these things to be written in the Casa de Tombo. And some will have it that these lands and islands at which the Portugueze touched, were those which are now called the Antilhas and New Spain (p. 24.)

This Antilia, or Island of the Seven Cities, is laid down in Martin Behaim's map; the story was soon improved by giving seven bishops to the seven cities: and Galvam has been accused by Hornius of having invented it to give his countrymen the honour of having discovered the West Indies! Now it is evident that Antonio Galvam relates the story as if he did not believe it, — *contam* — they relate, — and, *diz*, it is said, — never affirming the fact, nor making any inference from it, but merely stating it as a report: and it is certain, which perhaps Hornius did not know, that there never lived a man of purer integrity than Antonio Galvam; a man whose history is disgraceful, not to his country, but to the government under which he lived, and whose uniform and unsullied virtue entitles him to rank among the best men that have ever done honour to human nature.

The writers who repeat this story of the Seven Islands and their bishops, have also been pleased to find traces of Sacaru in the new world, for which the imaginary resemblances to Christianity which were found in Yucatan

and other places, serve them as proofs. — *Gregorio Garcia, Origen de los Indios*, l. iv. c. 20.

The work of Abulcacim, in which the story first appears, has been roundly asserted to be the forgery of the translator, Miguel de Luna.

The Portugueze academician, Contador de Argote, speaking of this romantic history, acquits him of the fraud, which has with little reflection been laid to his charge. Pedraça, he says, in the Grandezas de Granada, and Rodrigo Caro, in the Grandezas de Sevilla, both affirm that the original Arabic exists in the Escurial, and Escolano asserts the same, although Nicholas Antonio says that the catalogues of that library do not make mention of any such book. If Luna had forged it, it would not have had many of those blunders which are observed in it; nor is there any reason for imputing such a fraud to Luna, a man well skilled in Arabic, and of good reputation. What I suspect is, that the book was composed by a Granadan Moor, and the reason which induces me to form this opinion is, the minuteness with which he describes the conquest which Tarif made of those parts of the kingdom of Granada, of the Alpuxarras and the Serra Neveda, pointing out the etymologies of the names of places, and other circumstances, which any one who reads with attention will observe. As to the time in which the

composer of this amusing romance flourished, it was certainly after the reign of Bedeci Aben Habuz, who governed, and was Lord of Granada about the year 1013, as Marmol relates, after the Arabian writers; and the reason which I have for this assertion is, that in the romance of Abulcacim the story is told which gave occasion to the said Bedeci Aben Habuz to set up in Granada that famous vane, which represents a knight upon horseback in bronze, with a spear in the right hand, and a club in the left, and these words in Arabic,—Bedeci Aben Habuz says, that in this manner Andalusia must be kept! the figure moves with every wind, and veers about from one end to another.—*Memorias de Braga*, T. iii. p. 120.

In the fabulous Chronicle of D. Rodrigo, Sacarus, as he is there called, is a conspicuous personage; but the tale of his emigration was not then current, and the author kills him before the Moors appear upon the stage. He seems to have designed him as a representation of perfect generosity.

All too long,
Here in their own inheritance, the sons
Of Spain have groaned beneath a foreign yoke.—IV. p. 59.

There had been a law to prohibit intermarriages be-

tween the Goths and Romans; this law Recesuintho annulled *, observing in his edict, that the people ought in no slight degree to rejoice at the repeal. It is curious that the distinction should have existed so long; but it is found also in a law of Wamba's, and doubtless must have continued till both names were lost together in the general wreck. The vile principle was laid down in the laws of the Wisigoths, that such as the root is, such ought the branch to be,—*gran confusion es de linage, quando el fiyo non semeya al padre, que aquelo ques de la raiz, deba ser en a cima*, and upon this principle a law was made to keep the children of slaves, slaves also.

"Many men well versed in history," says Contador de Argote, (Memorias do Braga, 3. 275.) "think, and think rightly, that this was a civil war, and that the monarchy was divided into two factions, of which the least powerful availed itself of the Arabs as auxiliaries; and that these auxiliaries made themselves masters, and easily effected their intent by means of the divisions in the country."

"The natives of Spain," says Joam de Barros, "never bore much love to the Goths, who were strangers and comelings, and when they came had no right there, for

* Fuero Juzgo, L. 3. tit. 1. leg.

the whole belonged to the Roman empire. It is believed that the greater part of those whom the Moors slew were Goths, and it is said that, on one side and on the other, in the course of two years there were slain by the sword seven hundred thousand men. The Christians who escaped chose that the name of Goths should be lost: and though some Castillians complain that the race should be extinguished, saying with Don Jorge Manrique,

Pues la sangre de los Godos
y el linage y la nobleza
tan crecida,
por quantas vias y modos
se sume su grande alteza
en esta vida,

I must say that I see no good foundation for this; for they were a proud nation and barbarous, and were a long time heretics of the sects of Arius and Eutychius and Pelagius, and can be praised as nothing except as warriors, who were so greedy for dominion, that wherever they reached they laid every thing bare like locusts, and therefore the emperor ceded to them this country. The people who dwelt in it before were a better race, always praised and feared and respected by the Romans, loyal

and faithful and true and reasonable: and if the Goths afterwards were worthy of any estimation they became so here: for as plants lose their bitterness and improve by being planted and translated into a good soil (as is said of peaches), so does a good land change its inhabitants, and of rustic and barbarous make them polished and virtuous.

"The Moors did not say that they came against the Christians, but against the Goths, who had usurped Spain; and it appears that to the people of the land it mattered little whether they were under Goths or Moors; or indeed it might not be too much to say that they preferred the Moors, not only because all new things and changes would be pleasing, but because they were exasperated against the Goths for what they had done against the Christians, (*i. e.* the Catholicks,) and for the bad government of King Witiza."

"You are not to think," says the chronicler, "that Count Don Julian and the Bishop Don Orpas came of the lineage of the Goths, but of the lineage of the Cæsars, and therefore they were not grieved that the good lineage should be destroyed." — *Chr. del K. D. Rodrigo*, P. i. c. 248.

Favila. — V. p. 66.

Barrios, taking a punster's licence in orthography, plays upon the name of Pelayo's father: —

——— *del gran Favila (que centella*
significa) Pelayo, marcial llama,
restauro el Leones reyno con aquella
lez que alcanço la victoriosa rama.

Coro de las Musas, p. 102.

The Queen too, Egilona, —
Was she not married to the enemy,
The Moor, the Misbeliever? — V. p. 67.

For this fact there is the unquestionable testimony of Isidorus Pacensis. *Per idem tempus in Æra 735, anno imperii ejus 9. Arabum 97. Abdalaziz omnem Hispaniam per tres annos sub censuario jugo pacificans, cum Hispali divitiis et honorum facibus cum Regina Hispani in conjugio copulata, filias Regum ac Principum pellicatas, et imprudenter distractas æstuaret, seditione suorum facta, orationi instans, consilio Ajub, occiditur; atque eo Hispaniam retinente, mense impleto, Alahor in regno Hesperiæ per principalia jussa succedit, cui de morte Abdallaziz ita edicitur, ut quasi consilio Egilonis Regiæ conjugis quondam Ruderici regis, quam sibi sociaberat, jugum*

Arabicum a sua cervice conaretur avertere, et regnum in vasum Hiberiæ sibimet retemptare.—Espana Sagrada, T. 8.viii. p. 302.

Florez relates the story in the words of the old translation of an Arabic original imputed to Rasis. "When Belazin, the són of Muza, remained for Lord of Spain, and had ordered his affairs right well, they told him tidings of Ulaca, who had been the wife of King D. Rodrigo, that she was a right worthy dame, and right beautiful, and of a great lineage, and that she was a native of Africa; whereupon he sent for her, and ordered that beasts should be given her, and much property, and men-servants and maid-servants, and all things that she could require, till she could come to him. And they brought her unto him, and when he saw her, he was well pleased with her, and said, Ulaca, tell me of thy affairs, and conceal nothing from me; for thou knowest I may do with thee according to my will, being my captive. And when she heard this, it increased the grief which she had in her heart, and her sorrow was such, that she had well nigh fallen dead to the ground, and she replied weeping and said, Baron, what wouldst thou know more of my affairs? For doth not all the world know, that I, a young damsel, being married with King D. Rodrigo, was with him Lady of Spain, and dwelt in honour and in all pleasure, more

than I deserved; and therefore it was God's will that they should endure no longer. And now I am in dishonour greater than ever was dame of such high state: For I am plundered, and have not a single palm of inheritance; and I am a captive, and brought into bondage. I also have been mistress of all the land that I behold. Therefore, Sir, have pity upon my misfortunes; and in respect of the great lineage which you know to be mine, suffer not that wrong or violence be offered me by any one; and, Sir, if it be your grace you will sell me. There are men I know who would take compassion on me, and give you for me a great sum. And Belazin said to her, Be certain that so long as I live, you shall never go from my house. And Ulaca said, What then, Sir, would you do with me? and Belazin said, I will that you should remain in my house, and there you shall be free from all wretchedness, with my other wives. And she said, In an evil day was I born, if it is to be true that I have been wife of the honoured king of Spain, and now have to live in a stranger's house as the concubine and captive of another! And I swear unto God, whose pleasure it is to dismay me thus, that I will rather seek my own death as soon as I can; for I will endure no more misery, seeing that by death I can escape it. And when Belazin saw that she thus lamented, he said to her, Good dame, think

not that we have concubines, but by our law we may have seven wives, if we can maintain them, and therefore you shall be my wife, like each of the others; and all things which your law requires that a man should do for his wife, will I do for you; and therefore you have no cause to lament; and be sure that I will do you much honour, and will make all who love me serve and honour you, and you shall be mistress of all my wives. To this she made answer and said, Sir, offer me no violence concerning my law, but let me live as a Christian: And to this Belazin was nothing loth and he granted it, and his marriage was performed with her according to the law of the Moors; and every day he liked her more, and did her such honour that greater could not be. And it befell that Belazin being one day with Ulaca, she said to him, Sir, do not think it ill if I tell you of a thing in which you do not act as if you knew the custom. And he said, Wherein is it that I err? Sir, said she, because you have no crown, for no one was ever confirmed in Spain, except he had a crown upon his head. He said, This which you say is nothing, for we have it not of our lineage, neither is it our custom to wear a crown. She said, many good reasons are there why a crown is of use, and it would injure you nothing, but be well for you, and when you should wear your crown upon your head, God

would know you and others also by it: And she said, You would look full comely with it, and it would be great nobleness to you, and be right fitting, and you should wear in it certain stones, which will be good for you, and avail you. And in a short time afterwards Belazin went to dwell at Seville, and he carried Ulaca with him, and she took of her gold, and of her pearls, and of her precious stones, which she had many and good, and made him the noblest crown that ever was seen by man, and gave it him, and bade him take it, and place it where it should be well kept; and Ulaca, as she was a woman of understanding and prudence, ordered her affairs as well as Belazin, so that he loved her much, and did great honour to her, and did many of those things which she desired; so that he was well pleased with the Christians, and did them much good, and showed favour unto them." — *Memorias de las Reynas Catholicas*, 1. *p.* 28.

The issue of this was fatal to Abdalaziz. In Albucacim's history, it is said that he was converted by this Christian wife, and for that reason put to death by his father. Others have supposed that by means of her influence he was endeavouring to make himself King of Spain, independent of the Caliph. A characteristic circumstance is added. Egilona was very desirous to con-

vert her husband, and that she might at least obtain from him some mark of outward respect for her images, made the door of the apartment in which she kept them, so low, that he could not enter without bowing.— *Bleda*, p. 214.

Deixam a Abdalaziz, que de Bellona
Mamara o leite, por Rector da Hesperia;
Este caza co a inclyta Egilona,
Mulher de Dom Rodrigo, (o gram miseria!)
Tomou Coroa de ouro, e a Matrona
Lhe deu para a tomar larga materia,
Foi notado à misera raynha
Cazarse com hum Mouro tam asinha.

Destruicam de Espanha, p. 237.

The Character of this Queen is beautifully conceived by the author of Count Julian:—

Beaming with virtue inaccessible
Stood Egilona; for her lord she lived,
And for the heavens that raised her sphere so high:
All thoughts were on her — all beside her own
Negligent as the blossoms of the field,
Arrayed in candour and simplicity,

Before her path she heard the streams of joy
Murmur her name in all their cadences,
Saw them in every scene, in light, in shade,
Reflect her image; but acknowledged them
Hers most complete when flowing from her most.
All things in want of her, herself of none,
Pomp and dominion lay beneath her feet
Unfelt and unregarded: now behold
The earthly passions war against the heavenly!
Pride against love; ambition and revenge
Against devotion and compliancy —
Her glorious beams adversity hath blunted,
And coming nearer to our quiet view,
The original clay of coarse mortality
Hardens and flaws around her.

One day of bitter and severe delight. — VI. p. 81.

I have ventured to borrow this expression from the tragedy of Count Julian. Nothing can be finer than the passage in which it occurs.

Abdalazis. Thou lovest still thy country,
Julian. Abdalazis,
All men with human feelings love their country.

Not the high-born or wealthy man alone,
Who looks upon his children, each one led
By its gay hand-maid, from the high alcove,
And hears them once a-day; not only he
Who hath forgotten, when his guest inquires
The name of some far village all his own;
Whose rivers bound the province, and whose hills
Touch the last cloud upon the level sky:
No; better men still better love their country.
'Tis the old mansion of their earliest friends,
The chapel of their first and best devotions;
When violence, or perfidy, invades,
Or when unworthy lords hold wassail there,
And wiser heads are drooping round its moats,
At last they fix their steady and stiff eye
There, there alone — stand while the trumpet blows,
And view the hostile flames above its towers
Spire, with a bitter and severe delight.

Restoring in thy native line, O Prince,
The Sceptre to the Spaniard. — VII. p. 96.

This was a favourite opinion of Garibays, himself a Biscayan, but he has little better proof for it than the fact, that Gothic names disappeared with Roderick, and that Pelayo and his successors drew their nomenclature from

a different stock. He says, indeed, that ancient writings are not wanting to support his opinion. Some rude commentator has written against this assertion in the margin of my copy, *miente Garibay;* and I am afraid the commentator is the truer man of the two.

There is a fabulous tale of Pelayo's birth, which, like many other tales of no better authority, has legends and relics to support it. The story, according to Dr. D. Christoval Lozano, in his history of Los Reyes Nuevos de Toledo, is this. Luz, niece to Egilona, and sister of Roderick, dwelt at Toledo, in the palace of King Egica. Duke Favila, her father's brother, fell in love with her, and came from his residence in Cantabria to ask her in marriage, expecting to find no other obstacle than the dispensable one of consanguinity. But it so happened, that the King was wooing Luz to become his concubine; her refusal made him jealous, as he could not conceive that it proceeded from any cause except love for another, and as his temper and power were not to be provoked without danger, Favila dared not openly make his suit. He and his mistress therefore met in private, and plighted their vows before an image of the Virgin. The consequences soon became apparent, — the more so, because, as Dr. Lozano assures us, there were at that time no fashions to conceal such things, — *Y mas que en aquella era no se*

avian inventado los guarda-infantes. The king observed the alteration in her shape, and placed spies upon her, meaning to destroy the child and punish the mother with the rigour of the law, death by fire being the punishment, for such an offence. Luz was well aware of the danger. She trusted her *Camarera* and one servant: They made an ark: She herself, as soon as the infant was born, threw water in his face, and baptised him by the name of Pelayo: a writing was placed with him in the ark, requesting that whoever should find it would breed up the boy with care, for he was of good lineage. Money enough was added to support him for eight years, and the ark was then launched upon the Tagus, where it floated down the stream all night, all day, and all the following night. On the second morning it grounded near Alcantara, and was found by Grafeses, who happened to be Luz's uncle. The king's suspicion being confirmed by the sudden alteration in the lady's appearance, he used every means to detect her, but without avail; he even ordered all children to be examined who had been born in or around Toledo within three months, and full enquiry to be made into the circumstances of their births: To the astonishment of later historians, 35,000 of that age were found, and not one among them of suspicious extraction. The tale proceeds in the ordinary form of romance. The lady is accused of

incontinence, and to be burnt, unless a champion defeats her accuser. Favila of course undertakes her defence, and of course is victorious. A second battle follows with the same success, and fresh combats would have followed, if a hermit had not brought the king to repentance. Grafeses in due time discovers the secret, and restores the child to his parents.

This fabulous chronicle seems to be the oldest written source of this story, but some such tradition had probably long been current. The ark was shown at Alcantara, in the convent of St. Benito, and a description of it, with reasons why its authenticity should be admitted, may be found in Francisco de Pisa's Description de Toledo, L. iii. c. i.

—— *And in thy name*
Accept the crown of thorns she proffers me. —VII. p. 97.

Godfrey was actually crowned with thorns in Jerusalem, — a circumstance which has given rise to a curious question in heraldry, — thus curiously stated and commented by Robert Barret, in that part of his long poem which relates to this Prince:

A Prince religious, if ever any,
Considering the age wherein he lived,

Vice-hater great, endued with virtues many,
True humilized, void of mundane pride;
For though he now created were great king,
Yet would he not as royal pomp requires,
Encrowned be with crownet glistering
Of gold and gems to mundains vain desires;
But with a pricking, pricking crown of thorn,
Bearing thereto a Christian reverence,
Sith Heaven's King, man's-Redeemer, did scorn
To wear such crown within that city's fence,
When as, cross-loden, humblely he went,
All cowring under burden of that wood,
To free man from Hell. To pay the pain of man's due punishment,
And free from Pluto's bands Prometheus brood.

By reas'n of Godfrey's great humility
Refusing golden-crownets dignity,
Some blundering in world-witted heraldry,
The foolishness of Heralds. Not knowing how t' distinguish vertues trye,
Do question make this Christian king to set
In catalogue of gold-diademed kings;
Regarding glitter of the external jet,
And not true garnish of th' internal things;
Th' internal virtues, soul's sweet ornaments,

So pleasing to th' Eternal's sacred eyes,
In angels chore consorting sweet concents
Of heavenly harmony 'bove christal skies.
But we, *è contra*, him not only deem
A Christian king, but perfect Christian king,
A christal fanal, lamping light divine
To after-comer kings, world emp'rizing.
For he, religious prince, did not despise
The Heaven-sent gift to be anointed king,
But disesteem'd the mundane pompous guize
Tickling the hearts of princes monarching.

Annotacion. Potentates regard this heaven-aspiring Prince,
Not priding, as up proves his dignity;
High throned kings aspect the starred fence
Of this true map of true kings royalty;
Not Nembrothizing in cloud-kissing towers,
Not Semiramizing in prides palaces,
Not Neronizing in all sanguine hours,
Not Heliogabalizing in lusts lees;
But Joshuadizing in his Christian camp,
And Judithizing in his Salem's seat,
And Davidizing in his Sion's stamp,
And Solomonizing in all sacred heat.

Outwatching for her sake
The starry host, and ready for the work
Of war before the sun begins his course.—VIII. p.105.

Garci Fernandez, Manrique surprised the Moors so often during the night, that he was called Garci Madrugi, —an appellation of the same import as Peep-of-day-boy. He founded the convent of St. Salvador de Palacios de Benagel for Benedictine nuns, and when he called up his merry men, used to say, Up, sirs, and fight, for my nuns are up and praying; *Levantaos Senores à pelear, que mis monjas son levantadas a rezar.*

Pruebas de la Hist. de la Casa de Lara, p.42.

Hermesind.—X. p.117.

Mariana derives the name of Hermesinda from the reverence in which Hermenegild was held in Spain,—a prince who has been sainted for having renounced the Homooisian creed, and raised a civil war against his father in favour of the Homoousian one. It is not a little curious when the fate of D. Carlos is remembered, that his name should have been inserted in the Kalendar, at the solicitation of Philip II.! From the same source Mariana derives the names Hermenisinda, Armengol, Ermengaud, Hermegildez, and Hermildez. But here, as Brito has done with Pelayo, he seems to forget that the

name was current before it was borne by the Saint, and the derivations from it as numerous. Its root may be found in Herman, whose German name will prevail over the latinized Arminius.

The glen where Tagus rolls between his rocks.—X. p. 128.

The story of the Enchanted Tower at Toledo is well known to every English reader. It neither accorded with the character of my poem to introduce the fiction, nor would it have been prudent to have touched upon it after Walter Scott. The account of the Archbishop Rodrego, and of Abulcacim, may be found in his notes. What follows here is translated from the fabulous chronicle of King Don Rodrigo.

"And there came to him the keepers of the house which was in Toledo, which they called Pleasure with Pain, the Perfect Guard, the secret of that which is to come; and it was called also by another name, the Honour of God. And these keepers came before the king, and said unto him, Sire, since God hath done thee such good, and such favour as that thou shouldest be king of all Spain, we come to require of thee that thou wouldst go to Toledo, and put thy lock upon the house which we are appointed to keep. And the king demanded of

them what house was that, and wherefore he should put upon it his lock. And they said unto him, Sire, we will willingly tell thee that thou mayest know. Sire, true it is, that when Hercules the Strong came into Spain he made in it many marvellous things in those places where he understood that they might best remain; and thus when he was in Toledo he understood well that that city would be one of the best in Spain; and saw that the kings who should be Lords of Spain, would have more pleasure to continue dwelling therein than in any other part; and seeing that things would come after many ways, some contrariwise to others, it pleased him to leave many enchantments made, to the end that after his death his power and wisdom might by them be known. And he made in Toledo a house, after the manner which we shall now describe, with great mastership, so that we have not heard tell of any other such: The which is made after this guise. There are four lions of metal under the foundation of this house: and so large are they that a man sitting upon a great horse on the one side, and another in like manner upon the other, cannot see each other, so large are the lions. And the house is upon them, and it is entirely round, and so lofty that there is not a man in the world who can throw a stone

to the top: And many have attempted this, but they never could. And there is not a man of this age who can tell you by what manner this house was made, neither whose understanding can reach to say in what manner it is worked within. But of that which we have seen without, we have to tell thee. Certes in the whole house there is no stone bigger than the hand of a man, and the most of them are of jasper and marble, so clear and shining that they seem to be crystal. They are of so many colours that we do not think there are two stones in it of the same colour; and so cunningly are they joined one with another, that if it were not for the many colours, you would not believe but that the whole house was made of one entire stone. And the stones are placed in such manner one by another, that seeing them you may know all the things of the battles aforepast, and of great feats. And this is not by pictures, but the colour of the stones, and the great art of joining one with the other, make it appear thus. And sans doubt he who should wish to know the truth of the great deeds of arms which have been wrought in the world, might by means of that house know it. See now in what manner Hercules was wise and fortunate, and right valiant, and acquainted with the things which were to come. And when he was Lord of Spain, he made it after this guise,

which we have related unto you. And he commanded that neither King nor Lord of Spain who might come after him, should seek to know that which was within; but that every one instead should put a lock upon the doors thereof, even as he himself did, for he first put on a lock, and fastened it with his key. And after him there has been no King nor Lord in Spain, who has thought it good to go from his bidding; but every one as he came put on each his lock, according to that which Hercules appointed. And now that we have told thee the manner of the house, and that which we know concerning it, we require of thee that thou shouldest go thither, and put on thy lock on the gates thereof, even as all the kings have done who have reigned in Spain until this time. And the King Don Rodrigo hearing the marvellous things of this house, and desiring to know what there was within, and moreover being a man of a great heart, wished to know of all things how they were and for what guise. He made answer, that no such lock would he put upon that house, and that by all means he would know what there was within. And they said unto him, Sire, you will not do that which has never been done in Spain; be pleased therefore to observe that which the other kings have observed. And the king said unto them, Leave off now, and I will appoint the soonest that may

be how I may go to see this house, and then I will do that which shall seem good. And he would give them no other reply. And when they saw that he would give them no other reply, they dared not persist farther, and they dispeeded themselves of him, and went their way.

" Now it came to pass that the King Don Rodrigo called to mind how he had been required to put a lock upon the doors of the house which was in Toledo, and he resolved to carry into effect that unto which his heart inclined him. And one day he gathered together all the greatest knights of Spain, who were there with him, and went to see this house, and he saw that it was more marvellous than those who were its keepers had told him, and as he was thus beholding it, he said, Friends, I will by all means see what there is in this house which Hercules made. And when the great Lords who were with him heard this, they began to say unto him that he ought not to do this; for there was no reason why he should do that which never king nor Cæsar, that had been Lord of Spain since Hercules, had done until that time. And the king said unto them, Friends, in this house there is nothing but what may be seen. I am well sure that the enchantments cannot hinder me, and this being so, I have nothing to fear. And the knights said, Do that, sir, which you think good, but this is not done

by our counsel. And when he saw that they were all of a different accord from that which he wished to do, he said, Now gainsay me as you will, for let what will happen I shall not forbear to do my pleasure. And forthwith he went to the doors, and ordered all the locks to be opened; and this was a great labour, for so many were the keys and the locks, that if they had not seen it, it would have been a great thing to believe. And after they were unlocked, the king pushed the door with his hand, and he went in, and the chief persons who were there with him, as many as he pleased, and they found a hall made in a square, being as wide on one part as on the other, and in it there was a bed richly furnished, and there was laid in that bed the statue of a man, exceeding great, and armed at all points, and he had the one arm stretched out, and a writing in his hand. And when the king and those who were with him saw this bed, and the man who was laid in it, they marvelled what it might be, and they said, Certes, that bed was one of the wonders of Hercules and of his enchantments. And when they saw the writing which he held in his hand, they showed it to the king, and the king went to him, and took it from his hand, and opened it and read it, and it said thus, Audacious one, thou who shalt read this writing, mark well what thou art, and how great

evil through thee shall come to pass, for even as Spain was peopled and conquered by me, so by thee shall it be depopulated and lost. And I say unto thee, that I was Hercules the strong, he who conquered the greater part of the world, and all Spain; and I slew Geryon the Great, who was Lord thereof; and I alone subdued all these lands of Spain, and conquered many nations, and brave knights, and never any one could conquer me, save only Death. Look well to what thou doest, for from this world thou wilt carry with thee nothing but the good which thou hast done.

"And when the king had read the writing he was troubled, and he wished then that he had not begun this thing. Howbeit he made semblance as if it touched him not, and said that no man was powerful enough to know that which is to come, except the true God. And all the knights who were present were much troubled because of what the writing said; and having seen this they went to behold another apartment, which was so marvellous, that no man can relate how marvellous it was. The colours which were therein were four. The one part of the apartment was white as snow; and the other, which was over-against it, was more black than pitch; and another part was green as a fine emerald, and that which was over-against it was redder than fresh

blood; and the whole apartment was bright and more lucid than crystal, and it was so beautiful, and the colour thereof so fine, that it seemed as if each of the sides were made of a single stone, and all who were there present said that there was not more than a single stone in each, and that there was no joining of one stone with another, for every side of the whole four appeared to be one solid slab; and they all said, that never in the world had such a work as this elsewhere been made, and that it must be held for a remarkable thing, and for one of the wonders of the world. And in all the apartments there was no beam, nor any work of wood, neither within nor without; and as the floor thereof was flat, so also was the ceiling. Above these were windows, and so many, that they gave a great light, so that all which was within might be seen as clearly as that which was without. And when they had seen the apartment how it was made, they found in it nothing but one pillar, and that not very large, and round, and of the height of a man of mean stature: and there was a door in it right cunningly made, and upon it was a little writing in Greek letters, which said, Hercules made this house in the year of Adam three hundred and six. And when the king had read these letters, and understood that which they said, he opened the door, and when it was opened

they found Hebrew letters which said, This house is one of the wonders of Hercules; and when they had read these letters they saw a niche made in that pillar, in which was a coffer of silver, right subtly wrought, and after a strange manner, and it was gilded, and covered with many precious stones, and of great price, and it was fastened with a lock of mother-of-pearl. And this was made in such a manner that it was a strange thing, and there were cut upon it Greek letters which said, It cannot be but that the king, in whose time this coffer shall be opened, shall see wonders before his death: thus said Hercules the Lord of Greece and of Spain, who knew some of those things which are to come. And when the king understood this, he said, Within this coffer lies that which I seek to know, and which Hercules has so strongly forbidden to be known. And he took the lock and broke it with his hands, for there was no other who durst break it: and when the lock was broken, and the coffer open, they found nothing within, except a white cloth folded between two pieces of copper; and he took it and opened it, and found Moors pourtrayed therein with turbans, and banners in their hands and with their swords round their necks, and their bows behind them at the saddle-bow, and over these figures were letters which said, When this cloth shall be opened, and these figures

seen, men apparelled like them shall conquer Spain and shall be Lords thereof.

" When the King Don Rodrigo saw this he was troubled at heart, and all the knights who were with him. And they said unto him, Now, sir, you may see what has befallen you, because you would not listen to those who counselled you not to pry into so great a thing, and because you despised the kings who were before you, who all observed the commands of Hercules, and ordered them to be observed, but you would not do this. And he had greater trouble in his heart than he had ever before felt; howbeit he began to comfort them all, and said to them, God forbid that all this which we have seen should come to pass. Nevertheless, I say, that if things must be according as they are here declared, I could not set aside that which hath been ordained, and, therefore, it appears that I am he by whom this house was to be opened, and that for me it was reserved. And seeing it is done, there is no reason that we should grieve for that which cannot be prevented, if it must needs come. And let come what may, with all my power I will strive against that which Hercules has foretold, even till I take my death in resisting it: and if you will all do in like manner, I doubt whether the whole world can take from us our power. But if by God it hath been appointed, no

strength and no art can avail against his Almighty power, but that all things must be fulfilled even as to him seemeth good. In this guise they went out of the house, and he charged them all that they should tell no man of what they had seen there, and ordered the doors to be fastened in the same manner as before. And they had hardly finished fastening them, when they beheld an eagle fall right down from the sky, as if it had descended from Heaven, carrying a burning fire-brand, which it laid upon the top of the house, and began to fan it with its wings; and the fire-brand with the motion of the air began to blaze, and the house was kindled and burnt as if it had been made of rosin; so strong and mighty were the flames and so high did they blaze up, that it was a great marvel, and it burnt so long that there did not remain the sign of a single stone, and all was burnt into ashes. And after a while there came a great flight of birds small and black, who hovered over the ashes, and they were so many, that with the fanning of their wings, all the ashes were stirred up, and rose into the air, and were scattered over the whole of Spain; and many of those persons upon whom the ashes fell, appeared as if they had been besmeared with blood. All this happened in a day, and many said afterwards, that all those persons upon whom those ashes fell, died in battle when Spain was conquer-

ed and lost; and this was the first sign of the destruction of Spain."—*Chronica del Rey D. Rodrigo*, Part I c. 28. 30.

"*Y siendo verdad lo que escriven nuestros Chronistas, y el Alcayde Tarif, las letras que en este Palacio fueron halladas, no se ha de entender que fueron puestas por Hercules en su fundacion, ni por algun nigromantico, como algunos piensan, pues solo Dios sabe las cosas por venir, y aquellos aquien el es servido revelarlas: bien puede ser que fuessen puestas por alguna santa persona aquien nuestro Senor lo oviesse revelado y mandado; como revelo el castigo que avia de suceder del deluvio general en tiempo de Noe, que fue pregonero de la justicia de Dios; y el de las ciudades de Sodoma y Gomorra Abraham.*" — Fran. de Pisa, Descr. de Toledo. L. 2. c. 31.

The Spanish ballad upon the subject, fine as the subject is, is flat as a flounder: —

De los nobilissimos Godos
que en Castilla avian reynado
Rodrigo reyno el postrero
de los reyes que han passado;
en cuyo tiempo los Moros
todo Espana avian ganado,

sino fuera las Asturias
que defendio Don Pelayo.
En Toledo esta Rodrigo
al comiençó del reynado,
vinole gran voluntad
de ver lo que esta cerrado
en la torre que esta alli,
antigua de muchos anos
En esta torre los reyes
cada uno hecho un canado
porque lo ordenara ansi
Hercules el afamado
que gano primero a Espana
de Gerion gran tirano.
Creyo el rey que avia en la torre
gran thesoro alli guardado ;
la torre fue luego abierta
y quitados los canados ;
no ay en ella cosa alguna,
sola una caxa han hallado,
El rey la mandara abrir ;
un pano dentro se ha hallado,
con unas letras latinas
que dizen en Castellano,
Quando aquestas cerraduras

que cierran estos canados,
fueran abiertas y visto
lo en el pano debuxado,
Espana sera perdida,
y toda ella asolada ;
ganaranla gente estrana
como aqui est an figurados
los rostros muy denegridos,
los braços arremangados,
muchas colores vestidas,
en las cabeças tocados,
alçadas traeran sus senas
en cavallos cavalgando,
largas lanças en sus manos,
con espadas en su lado.
Alarabes se diran
y de aquesta tierra estranos ;
perderase toda Espana,
que nada no aura fincado.
El rey con sus ricos hombres
todos se avian espantado
quando vieron las figuras
y letras que hemos contado,
buelven a cerrar la torre,
quedo el rey muy angustiado.

Juan Yague de Salas relates a singular part of this miracle, which I have not seen recorded any where but in his curious poem :—

Cantò como rompidos los candados
De la lobrega cueva, y despedidas
De sus senos obscuros vozes tristes
No bien articuladas, si a remiendos,
Repetidas adentro por el ayre,
Y una mas bronca se escucho que dize,
Desdichado Rey Ro (y acaba digo,
Quedando la R submersa entre piçarras)
La Coro perderas, y el Man, y el Ce,
No dixo el na, ni el do, ni el tro, no dixo;
Almenos no se oyo, si bien oyose
Por lascivo tirano, y por sobervio,
Que ya permite el cielo que el de Meca
Castigue por tu causa el Reyno Godo.
Por solo que lo riges con mal modo.

Los Amantes de Teruel, p. 29

The Chronica General del Rey Don Alfonso gives a singular account of the first inhabitant of this fatal spot : —

"There was a king who had to name Rocas; he was

of the east country from Edom, wherein was Paradise, and for the love of wisdom he forsook his kingdom, and went about the world seeking knowledge. And in a country between the east and the north he found seventy pillars; thirty were of brass, thirty of marble, and they lay upon the ground, and upon them was written all knowledge and the nature of things. These Rocas translated, and carried with him the book in which he had translated them, by which he did marvels. He came to Troy when the people under Laomedon were building the city, and seeing them he laughed. They asked him why, and he replied, that if they knew what was to happen, they would cease from their work. Then they took him and led him before Laomedon, and Laomedon asked him for why he had spoken these words, and Rocas answered, that he had spoken truth, for the people should be put to the sword, and the city be destroyed by fire. Wherefore the Trojans would have slain him, but Laomedon, judging that he spake from folly, put him in prison to see if he would repent. He, fearful of death, by his art sent a sleep upon the guards, and filed off his irons, and went his way. And he came to the seven hills by the Tyber, and there upon a stone he wrote the letters Roma, and Romulus found them, and gave them as a name to his city, because they bore a resemblance to his own.

"Then went King Rocas westward, and he entered Spain, and went round it and through it, till coming to the spot where Toledo stands, he discovered that it was the central place of the country, and that one day a city should there be built, and there he found a cave into which he entered. There lay in it a huge dragon, and Rocas in fear besought the dragon not to hurt him, for they were both creatures of God. And the dragon took such love towards him, that he always brought him part of his food from the chase, and they dwelt together in the cave. One day an honourable man of that land, by name Tartus, was hunting in that mountain, and he found a bear, and the bear fled into the cave, and Rocas in fear addressed him as he had done the dragon, and the bear quietly lay down, and Rocas fondled his head, and Tartus following, saw Rocas how his beard was long, and his body covered with hair, and he thought it was a wild man, and fitted an arrow to his bow, and drew the string. Then Rocas besought him in the name of God not to slay him, and obtained security for himself and the bear under his protection. And when Tartus heard how he was a king, he invited him to leave that den and return with him, and he would give him his only daughter in marriage, and leave him all that he had. By this the dragon returned. Tartus was alarmed, and

would have fled, but Rocas interfered, and the dragon threw down half an ox, for he had devoured the rest, and asked the stranger to stop and eat. Tartus declined the invitation, for he must be gone. Then said Rocas to the dragon, My friend, I must now leave you, for we have sojourned together long enough. So he departed, and married, and had two sons, and for love of the dragon he built a tower over the cave, and dwelt there. After his death, one of his sons built another, and King Pirros added more buildings, and this was the beginning of Toledo."

Redeemed Magdalen. — X. p. 130.

Lardner published a letter to Jonas Hannay, showing why houses for the reception of penitent harlots ought not to be called Magdalen Houses: Mary Magdalen not being the sinner recorded in the 7th chapter of Luke, but a woman of distinction and excellent character, who laboured under some bodily infirmity, which our Lord miraculously healed.

In the Shebboleth of Jean Despagne, is an article thus entitled: *De Marie Magdelaine, laquelle faussement on dit avoir este femme de mauvaise vie: Le tort que luy font les Theologiens pour la plut part en leurs sermons,*

en leurs livres; et specialement la Bible Angloise en l'Argument du 7e chap. de S. Luc.

"The injury," says this Hugonot divine, "which the Romish church does to another Mary, the sister of Lazarus, has been sufficiently confuted by the orthodox. It has been ignorantly believed that this Mary, and another who was of Magdala, and the sinner who is spoken of in the 7th of Luke, are the same person, confounding the three in one. We have justified one of the three, to wit, her of Bethany, the sister of Lazarus; but her of Magdala we still defame, as if that Magdalen were the sinner of whom St. Luke speaks.

"Nothing is more common in the mouth of the vulgar than the wicked life of the Magdalene. The preachers who wish to confess souls that are afflicted with horror at their sins, represent to them this woman as one of the most immodest and dissolute that ever existed, to whom, however, God has shewn mercy. And, upon this same prejudice, which is altogether imaginary, has been founded a reason why the Son of God having been raised from the dead, appeared to Mary Magdalene before any other person; for, say they, it is because she had greater need of consolation, having been a greater sinner than the others. — He who wrote the Practice of Piety places her with the greatest offenders, even with

Manasses, one of the wickedest of men: and to authorise this error the more, it has been inserted in the Bible itself. For the argument to the 7th of Luke in the English version says, that the woman whose sins were in greater number than those of others, — the woman, who till then had lived a wicked and infamous life, was Mary Magdalene. But, 1*st*, The text gives no name to this sinner: Where then has it been found? Which of the Evangelists, or what other authentic writing, has taught us the proper name or surname of the woman? For she who poured an ointment upon Christ (Matth. xxvi. John, xii.) was not this sinner, nor Mary Magdalene, but a sister of Lazarus. All these circumstances show that they are two different stories, two divers actions, performed at divers times, in divers places, and by divers persons. 2*dly*, Where do we find that Mary Magdalene ever anointed the feet of our Saviour? 3*dly*, Where do we find that Mary Magdalene had been a woman of evil life? The gospel tells us that she had been tormented with seven devils or evil spirits, an affliction which might happen to the holiest person in the world: But we do not see even the shadow of a word there which marks her with infamy. Why then do we still adhere to an invention not only fabulous, but injurious to the memory of a woman illustrious in piety?

We ought in all to beware of bearing false witness against the dead as against the living.

"It is remarkable that neither the sinner (Luke, vii.) nor the adultress who is spoken of in the 8th of John, are named in the sacred history, any more than the thief who was converted on the cross. There are particular reasons, beyond a doubt, and we may in part conjecture them, why the Holy Spirit has abstained from relating the names of these great sinners, although converted. It is not then for us to impose them; still less to appropriate them to persons whom the Scripture does not accuse of any enormous sins."

The Egyptian penitent.—X. p. 130.

St. Mary the Egyptian. This is one of those religious romances which may probably have been written to edify the people without any intention of deceiving them. Some parts of the legend are beautifully conceived. An English catholic has versified it in eight books, under the title of the Triumph of the Cross, or Penitent of Egypt. Birmingham, 1776. He had the advantage of believing his story,— which ought to have acted like inspiration.

The dreadful tale. — X. p. 131.

Amava el Rey la desigual Florinda
En ser gentil, y desdenosa dama,
Que quiere amor, que quando un Rey se rinda
Desdenes puedan resistir su llama:
No fue de Grecia mus hermosa y linda
La que le dio por su desdicha fama,
Ni desde el Sagitario à Cynosura
Se vio en tanto rigor tanta hermosura.

Creciò el amor como el desden crecia;
Enojose el poder; la resistencia
Se fue aumentando, pero no podia
Sufrir un Rey sujeta competencia:
Estendiose à furor la cortesia,
Los terminos passo de la paciencia,
Haziendo los mayores desenganos
Las horas meses, y los meses anos.

Cansado ya Rodrigo de que fuesse
Teorica el amor, y intentos vanos,
Sin que demostracion alguna huviesse,
Puso su gusto en pratica de manos:
Pues quien de tanto amor no le tuviesse
Con los medios mas faciles y humanos,

Como tendria entonces sufrimiento
De injusta fuerça en el rigor violento ?

Ansias, congojas, lagrimas y vozes,
Amenazas. amores, fuerça, injuria,
Pruevan, pelean, llegan, dan ferozes
Al que ama, rabia, al que aborrece, furia:
Discurren los pronosticos velozes,
Que ofrece el pensamiento aquien injuria;
Rodrigo teme, y ama, y fuerça, y ella
Quanto mas se resiste, està mas bella.

Ya viste de jazmines el desmayo
Las eladas mexillas siempre hermosas,
Ya la verguença del clavel de Mayo,
Alexandrinas, y purpureas rosas:
Rodrigo ya como encendido rayo,
Que no respeta las sagradas cosas,
Ni se ahoga en sus lagrimas, ni mueve
Porque se abrasse, o se convierta en nieve.

Rindiose al fin la femenil flaqueza
Al varonil valor y atrevimiento;
Quedò sin lustre la mayor belleza
Que es de una casta Virgen ornamento:

Siguio à la injusta furia la tibieza.
Apareciose el arrepentimiento,
Que viene como sombra pecado,
Principios del castigo del culpado

Fue con Rodrigo este mortal disgusto,
Y quedò con Florinda la vengança,
Que le propuso el echo mas injusto
Que de muger nuestra memoria alcança:
Dizese que no ver en el Rey gusto,
Sino de tanto amor tanta mudança
Fue la ocasion, que la muger gozada
Mas siente aborrecida que forçada.

Jerusalen Conquistada, l. 6. ff.132.

Lope de Vega quotes scripture in proof of the opinion exprest in this last couplet. 2 Kings, ch. xiii.

Old Barret tells the story as Ancient Pistol would have done: —

" In Ulit's time there regalized in Spain
One Roderick, king from the Gothians race't;
Into whose secret heart with silent strain
Instretcht the 'sturber of hart pudike chast,
Him enamourizing of a piece,

A piece by Nature quaintly symmetrized,
Enfayred with beauty as Helen fair of Greece:
Count Julian's daughter of bed-wedlockized,
Ycleaped Caba; who in court surshrined
The rest, as Hesperus the dimmed stars.
This piece the king in his Love's-closet shrined,
Survicting her by wile, gold, gems, or forced jars."

It is thus related in the fabulous Chronicle: —"*Despues que el Rey ovo descubierto su coraçon a la Cava, no era dia que la no requiriesse una vez o dos, y ella se defendia con buena razon: empero al cabo como el Rey no pensava cosa como en esto, un dia en la fiesta embio con un donzel suyo por la Cava; y ella vino a su mandado; y como en essa hora no avia en toda su comara otro ninguno sino ellos todos tres, el cumplio con ella todo lo que puso. Empero tanto sabed que si ella quisiera dar bozes que bien fuera oyda de la reyna, mas collose con lo que el Rey auiso fazer.*" — P. 1. c. 172.

In this fabulous Chronicle Roderick's fall is represented as the work of his stars: — "*Y aunque a las vezes pensava el gran yerro en que tocava, y en la maldad que su coraçon avia cometido, tanto era el ardor que tenia que lo olvidava todo, y esto acarreava la malandança que le avia de venir, y la destruycion de Espana que avia de*

aver comiençó para se fazer; y quiero vos dezir que su constelacion no podia escusar que esto no passasse assi; y ya Dios lo avia dexado en su discrecion; y el por cosa que fuesse no se podia arredrar queno topasse en ello." —P. 1. c. 164.

"Certes," says the fabulous Chronicler, "he was a Lord of greater bounty than ever had been seen before his time. — He used to say, that if all the world were his, he would rather lose it than one friend; for the world was a thing, which if it were lost, might be recovered; but a friend once lost could never be recovered for all the treasure in the world. And because he was thus bountiful, all those of Spain were likewise; and they had the fame of being the most liberal men in the world, especially those of the lineage of the Goths. Never a thing was asked at his hands, whether great or small, to which he could say no; and never king nor other great Lord asked aid of him that he denied, but gave them of his treasures and of his people as much as they needed. And doubt not, but that if fortune had not ordered that in his time the lineage of the Goths should be cut off, and Spain destroyed, there was no king or emperor whom he would not have brought into subjection; and if the whole world ought to be placed in the power of one man, (speaking of worldly things,) there never was, nor

will be, a man deserving to possess it, save he alone. But as envy is the beginning of all evil, and saw how great was the goodness of this king, she never rested till she had brought about that things should be utterly reversed, even till she had destroyed him. Oh what great damage to the world will it be when God shall consent that so much bounty, and courage, and frankness, and loyalty should be destroyed for ever! All nations ought to clad themselves in wretched weeds one day in the week to mourn for the flower of the world, and especially ought the people of Spain to make such mourning." — *Chronica del Rey Don Rodrigo*, p. 1. c. 55.

And again, when the last battle is approaching, he praises the king: — "*Y el Rey era el mas esforçado hombre de coraçon que nunca se oyo dezir: y el mas franco de todo lo que podia aver; y preciava mas cobrar amigos que no quanto tesoro pudiesse estar en su reyno, hasta el dia que creyo el consejo del traydor del conde Don Julian; y a maravilla era buen cavallero, que al tiempo que el no era rey, no se fallava cavallero que a la su bondad se ygualasse, y tanto sabed que sino por estas malandanças que le vinieron, nunca cavallero al mundo de tales condiciones fue; que nunca a el vino chico ni grande que del se partiesse despagado a culpa suya.*" — P. 1. c. 213.

The manner in which Florinda calls upon her father to revenge her is curiously expressed by Lope de Vega:—

Al escrivirle tiemblan pluma y mano,
Llega el agravio, la piedad retira,
Pues quanto escrive la vengança, tanto
Quiere borrar de la verguença el llanto.

No son menos las letras que soldados,
Los ringlones yleras y esquadrones,
Que al son de los suspiros van formados
Haciendo las distancias las diciones:
Los mayores caracteres, armados
Navios, tiendas, maquinas, pendones;
Los puntos, los incisos, los acentos
Capitanes, Alferez y Sargentos.

Breve processo escrive, aunque el sucesso
Significar quexosa determina,
Pero en tan breve causa, en tal processo
La perdicion de Espana se fulmina.

Jerusalen Conquistada, l. 6. ff. 138.

I remember but one of the old poets who has spoken with compassion of Florinda: It is the Portugueze Bras

Garcia Mascarenhas, a writer who, with many odd things in his poem, has some fine ones.

Refresca em Covilham a gente aflita,
Nam se sabe que nome entam a honrava;
Muyto deposis foy Cava Julia dita,
Por nascer nella a desditada Cava.
Nam a deslustra, antes a acredita
Filha que a honra mais que hum Rey presava;
Hespanha culpe a força sem desculpa,
Nam culpe a bella, que nam teve culpa.

Viriato Tragico, Canto ii.

Wamba's wars.—XII. p. 147.

In the valuable history of this king by a contemporary writer, the following character of the French is given:—

" *Hujus igitur gloriosis temporibus, Galliarum terra altrix perfidiæ infami denotatur elogio, quæ utique inæstimabili infidelitatis febre vexata, genita a se infidelium depasceret membra. Quid enim non in illa crudele vel lubricum? ubi conjuratorum conciliabulum, perfidiæ signum, obscœnitas operum, fraus negotiorum, vœnale judicium, et quod pejus his omnibus est, contra ipsum Salvatorem nostrum et Dominum, Judæorum blasphemantium prostibulum habebatur. Hæc enim terra suo, ut ita*

dixerim, partu, perditionis suæ sibimet præparavit excidium, et ex ventris sui generatione viperea eversionis suæ nutrivit decipulam. Etenim dum multo jam tempore his febrium diversitatibus ageretur, subito in eâ unius nefandi capitis prolapsione turbo infidelitatis adsurgit, et conscensio perfidiæ per unum ad plurimos transit."—S. Julian, Hist. Wambæ, § 5.—Espana Sagrada, 6. 544.

The bath, the bed,
The vigil.—XII. p. 148.

The Partidas have some curious matter upon this subject.

"Cleanliness makes things appear well to those who behold them, even as propriety makes them seemly, each in its way. And therefore the ancients held it good that knights should be made cleanly. For even as they ought to have cleanliness within them in their manners and customs, so ought they to have it without in their garments, and in the arms which they wear. For albeit their business is hard and cruel, being to strike and to slay; yet notwithstanding they may not so far forego their natural inclinations, as not to be pleased with fair and goodly things, especially when they wear them. For on one part they give joy and delight, and on the other make them fearlessly perform feats of arms, because

they are aware that by them they are known, and that because of them men take more heed to what they do. Therefore, for this reason, cleanliness and propriety do not diminish the hardihood and cruelty which they ought to have. Moreover, as is aforesaid, that which appears without is the signification of what they have in their inclinations within. And therefore the ancients ordained that the squire, who is of noble lineage, should keep vigil the day before he receives knighthood. And after mid-day the squires shall bathe him, and wash his head with their hands, and lay him in the goodliest bed that may be. And there the knights shall draw on his hose, and clothe him with the best garments that can be had. And when the cleansing of the body has been performed, they shall do as much to the soul, taking him to the church, where he is to labour in watching and beseeching mercy of God, that he will forgive him his sins, and guide him so that he may demean himself well in that order which he is about to receive; to the end that he may defend his law, and do all other things according as it behoveth him, and that he would be his defender and keeper in all danger and in all difficulties. And he ought to bear in mind how God is powerful above all things, and can show his power in them when he listeth, and especially in affairs of arms. For in his hand are life and

death, to give and to take away, and to make the weak strong, and the strong weak. And when he is making this prayer, he must be with his knees bent, and all the rest of the time on foot, as long as he can bear it. For the vigil of knights was not ordained to be a sport, nor for any thing else, except that they, and those who go there, should pray to God to protect them, and direct them in the right way, and support them, as men who are entering upon the way of death."—*Part.* ii. *Tit.* 21. *Ley* 13.

" When the vigil is over, as soon as it is day, he ought first to hear mass, and pray God to direct all his feats to his service. And afterwards he who is to knight him shall come and ask him, if he would receive the order of knighthood; and if he answereth yea, then shall it be asked him, if he will maintain it as it ought to be maintained; and when he shall have promised to do this, that knight shall fasten on his spurs, or order some other knight to fasten them on, according to what manner of man he may be, and the rank which he holdeth. And this they do to signify, that as a knight putteth spurs on the right and on the left, to make his horse gallop straight forward, even so he ought to let his actions be straight forward, swerving on neither side. And then shall his sword be girt on over his *brial.*——Formerly it was or-

dained that when noble men were made knights, they should be armed at all points, as if they were about to do battle. But it was not held good that their heads should be covered, for they who cover their heads do so for two reasons: the one to hide something there which hath an ill look, and for that reason they may well cover them with any fair and becoming covering. The other reason is, when a man hath done some unseemly thing of which he is ashamed. And this in no wise becometh noble knights. For when they are about to receive so noble and so honourable a thing as knighthood, it is not fitting that they should enter into it with any evil shame, neither with fear. And when they shall have girded on his sword, they shall draw it from out the scabbard, and place it in his right hand, and make him swear these three things: first, That he shall not fear to die for his faith, if need be; secondly, For his natural Lord; thirdly, For his country; and when he hath sworn this, then shall the blow on the neck be given him, in order that these things aforesaid may come into his mind, saying, God guard him to his service, and let him perform all that he hath promised; and after this, he who hath conferred the order upon him, shall kiss him, in token of the faith and peace and brotherhood which ought to be observed among knights. And the same ought all the knights to

do who are in that place, not only at that time, but whenever they shall meet with him during that whole year."—*Part.* ii. *Tit.* 21. *Ley* 14.

"The gilt spurs which the knights put on have many significations; for the gold, which is so greatly esteemed, he puts upon his feet, denoting thereby, that the knight shall not for gold commit any malignity or treason, or like deed, that would detract from the honour of knighthood. The spurs are sharp, that they may quicken the speed of the horse; and this signifies that the knight ought to spur and prick on the people, and make them virtuous; for one knight with his virtues is sufficient to make many people virtuous, and on the other hand, he ought to prick a perverse people to make them fearful."—*Tirante il Blanco*, p. 1. C. 19. ff. 44.

The Hermit reads to Tirante a chapter from the *Arbor de batteglie*, explaining the origin of knighthood. The world, it is there said, was corrupted, when God, to the intent that he might be loved, honoured, served, and feared once more, chose out from every thousand men who was more amiable, more affable, more wise, more loyal, more strong, more noble-minded, more virtuous, and of better customs than all the others: And then he sought among all beasts for that which was the goodliest, and the swiftest, and which could bear the greatest fatigue,

and might be convenient for the service of man; and he chose the horse, and gave him to this man who was chosen from the thousand; and for this reason he was called *cavallerio,* because the best animal was thus joined to the most noble man. And when Romulus founded Rome, he chose out a thousand young men to be knights, and *furno nominati militi porche mille furono fatti in un tempo cavalleri.* — P. 1. C. 14. ff. 40.

The custom which some kings had of knighting themselves is censured by the Partidas. — P. ii. T. 21. L. 11. It is there said, that there must be one to give, and another to receive the order. And a knight can no more knight, than a priest ordain himself.

"When the Infante Hernando of Castile was chosen king of Aragon, he knighted himself on his coronation day: — *De que tots los Barons nobles ho tengeren una gran maravella com el matex se feu cavaller, qui segons los dessus dits deyen nenguno pot esser cavaller, sino dones nos fa cavaller de ma de cavaller qui hage lorde de cavalleria.*" — Tomich. C. 47. ff. 68.

"The qualifications for a knight, cavallerio, or horse-soldier, in the barbarous stage of society, were three: 1*st*, That he should be able to endure fatigue, hardship, and privations. 2*dly*, That he should have been used to strike, that his blows might be the more deadly. 3*dly*,

That he should be bloody-minded, and rob, hack, and destroy the enemy without compunction. The persons, therefore, who were preferred, were mountaineers, accustomed to hunting, —carpenters, blacksmiths, stonecutters, and butchers. But it being found that such persons would sometimes run away, it was then discovered that they who were chosen for cavaliers ought to have a natural sense of shame. And for this reason it was appointed that they should be men of family."—*Partida*, ii. *T.* 21. *L.* 2. *Vegetius*, *L.* 1. *c.*7.

The privileges of knighthood were at one time so great, that if the goods of a knight were liable to seizure, they could not be seized where he or his wife were present, nor even where his cloak or shield was to be found.—*Part.* ii. *Tit.* 21. *Ley* 23.

The coated scales of mail
Which o'er the tunic to his knees depend.—XII. p. 149.

Canciani (T. 5. p. 54.) gives a representation of Roland from the porch of the Cathedral at Verona, which is supposed to have been built about the beginning of the ninth century. The figure is identified by the inscription on the sword, . . *Du-rin-dar-da.* The *lorica*, which Canciani explains, *Vestica bellica maculis ferreis contexta*, is illustrated by this figure. It is a coat or

frock of *scale*-mail reaching to the knees, and with half sleeves. The only hand which appears is unarmed, as far as the elbow. The right leg also is unarmed, the other leg and foot are in the same sort of armour as the coat. The end of a loose garment appears under the mail. The shield reaches from the chin to the middle of the leg, it is broad enough at the top to cover the breast and shoulder, and slopes gradually off to the form of a long oval.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

LONDON:
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,
New-Street-Square.

00052605

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 23 January, 2019